

# Catholic Digest

DECEMBER 1951

25¢

**GRETTA PALMER**  
*"They Flee to Fight On"*

**EDWARD CRANKSHAW**  
*"Cracks in the Kremlin Wall"*



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# Catholic Digest

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To Make Reason and God's Will Prevail

*Chinese laity prefer destitution to apostasy*

## *They Flee to Fight On*

By GRETТА PALMER

**H**ONG KONG is the city where, in 1951, the horrors of communism can best be seen; for here we observe the lives of pathetic destitution lived by formerly prosperous Chinese. They would rather sleep in doorways and beg their living in the streets than submit to the Red tyranny in their former homes.

Junk Bay is the colony, a two-hours' ride by motor launch from Hong Kong, where most of the refugees have settled. Over their pitiful colony of hand-made shacks floats the Nationalist Chinese flag. Families who have found a precarious stopping point here do not like to think about the autumn rains and winds, which may destroy their flimsy houses in an hour.

There are two Catholic priests in the Junk Bay colony, and they are the most popular of all its 17,000 residents. The little Catholic school is overcrowded: there are 100 beautifully behaved Chinese children

studying here. They wear middy-b blouse uniforms donated by Catholic friends in the U.S., and they proudly sing, for any visitor, two tunes forbidden inside their homeland: the *Salve Regina* of their faith and the Nationalist anthem of their country.

Among the residents of Junk Bay is a Catholic who left Red China because, as a layman active in the Legion of Mary at Peiping, he was marked down for death. Advised by his spiritual advisor to escape, he was entrusted with a bundle of religious paintings made on silk and paper, and was asked to smuggle them to the outside world. The cover of this magazine is one of those he brought: it was executed by Luke Chen, an artist who has made many much-admired Catholic paintings in the past. Mr. Chen has been warned, at pistol point, that he is never again to produce a Christian work of art. This is one of his last religious paintings.

The refugees tell stories whose drama is lost through repetition: every Catholic who has fled to Hong Kong has lived through a romance worthy of Alexandre Dumas' pen. Take, for a single example, the case of Peter Wen, whose picture accompanies this article. He will stand as typical of many more.

Peter was born to a Chinese Catholic family in Peiping. He is now 12 years old. His mother has known many grievous sorrows since the Reds took over. Her husband was executed as an "enemy of the state." Her oldest son was drafted into the "volunteer" army that fights against the U.S. forces in Korea. A few months back she came to a sad and stern decision: to give up her younger son and send him to spiritual safety before the communist teachers could corrupt his mind.

Little Peter was given a first-class railroad ticket from Peiping to Canton, a few hoarded Chinese dollars, and three gold rings to sell in case of dire necessity. His mother said to him, "Go to Canton and find out there how to get out of China. Be sure you stay in the biggest and most expensive Canton hotel; in a cheap hotel, you would be robbed. Tell the border authorities you have a grandmother in Hong Kong and that you must go to her deathbed. God will care for you."

Peter reached Canton safely. He tried to get the communists to grant

him a pass across the border to Hong Kong, but they were too skeptical of his story. He then tried to escape to the Portuguese island of Macao, and was allowed to sail to it.

Here, he thought, all his troubles were at an end. He approached a Catholic convent and stuttered out his story. But the nun who heard him did not understand northern Chinese, and she was very dubious—so many Red agents had been sent to Macao to spy upon the faithful. She did not dare take Peter in.

Dragging his feet, and tempted to despair, the little boy went back to his hotel. Here he was approached by a ferocious-looking man, who had noticed him on the ship. "Do you want to get to Hong Kong?" Peter was asked. He said he did. The man turned out to be a bandit, a member of the famous Yellow Ox gang, which smuggles men and goods across the frontier.

"But we are not philanthropists," the bandit told him. "We are businessmen. It will cost you \$120 to reach Hong Kong with us. Have you got it?"

Peter's money had run out, but he still had his rings. With the bandit accompanying him he took a rickshaw to a Macao pawnshop and sold the rings for \$80. Then he offered all his books and clothing, his ivory rosary and his Sunday missal, to make up the difference. The bandits finally agreed. Peter



was smuggled into Hong Kong and was deposited in the Catholic Center there, penniless, frightened, but finally among friends. Within a week a bandit called on the authorities at the center and exchanged Peter's personal effects for the \$40 he had promised them. Now this young boy is studying with the Jesuits, and he hopes that some day he can be a priest. His mother does not know that he is safe. It is too dangerous to try to send a message back to her. Yet she knowingly made the choice herself. Peter was to be given his chance of freedom, even if it demanded from her the ghastly price of lifelong ignorance of what became of him.

Peter is only one of many thousands of Chinese who flee through the Bamboo Curtain. Every day, when the train from Canton reaches the New Territories border of Hong Kong, scenes occur in which women, with babies strapped on their backs, weep and beseech the Hong Kong police to let them escape. Often they bow to the ground, touching their foreheads to the earth, in an effort to soften the hearts of these guards. But the Hong Kong police cannot allow them in unless they have an exit visa from the Reds. At the point of a bayonet, such women are forced back to Red China, with its threat of jail and possible death for all who will not accept its evil beliefs.



The European Catholics of Hong Kong are now almost destitute themselves as a result of trying to assist the numerous refugee Catholics who plead with them for help. There are more than a hundred Catholic Chinese women with children here who have not even the inadequate shelter of the Junk Bay shanties. They sleep in doorways and beg for their food. In the last few months five Catholic Chinese women have brought their young babies to the Catholic Center and asked if they might leave them there. They had despaired of supporting the children themselves, and hoped that some goodhearted Catholic would adopt them.

Hong Kong is a very Catholic city nowadays. Missionaries expelled from China arrive on almost every train. Many of the nuns have

been stripped of their habits by the Red authorities. In Hong Kong they walk uneasily about the streets, dressed in Chinese women's pajamas, until they can secure enough suitable cloth to improvise habits. All nuns in China have been warned, for more than a year, to let their hair grow long, because of the possibility of being forced to appear without their veils. Priests of many Orders and many nationalities converge on this city, as veterans of Chinese "house arrest" or jails. Frequently the only language shared in common by the refugees is Mandarin Chinese: Polish nuns and German priests, American missionaries and Swiss Sisters oddly communicate in Chinese syllables. These Religious flock daily to the bustling Catholic Center near the Kowloon ferry where there is a chapel, a restaurant, and a large reception room where men and women of the faith can feel at home.

But the laity are not forgotten, either. Many Chinese Catholics have fled because the alternatives were either death or apostasy. Young men and women active in lay organizations have, in recent months, been urged by their priests to leave China. If they do not speak English or know a trade, their future in Hong Kong is dark. They are not allowed into Formosa if they have lived more than six months under the Red regime. Few of them have the passage money

to reach Europe or America.

One of the bright spots in the Hong Kong picture is the very zealous St. Vincent de Paul society. Funds are so low that they can give refugee families only \$30 HK a month (\$5 in U.S. money) but even this pittance prevents outright starvation. Actually, the members' moral support and encouragement mean even more to the terrorized Catholics who face a bleak and difficult future.

Lately a Chinese member of the society saw a very old man stumbling uncertainly along the Bund. "You seem lost," he said; "can I help?" The old man stared at him, and said, "I'm looking for someone called Vincent. I was told that he will help all Catholics. I don't want charity. I just want a little loan to tide me over."

The younger man scowled at him. "You are a spiteful, selfish old man," he said. "You are depriving people of the St. Vincent de Paul society of the chance to serve God by helping people like you. Run along!"

The old man stopped dead in his tracks. "Forgive me," he said. "I never looked at charity that way before. Yes, I am hungry. Yes, I need a meal. And yes, I will be grateful if you give it to me outright."

He got his meal. It cost exactly 4½¢ in U.S. money. It is by sums that small that Christ is served in cities like Hong Kong today.

*Things are much better organized than in  
the 2nd World War*



## Your First 100 Hours in the Army

By RICHARD B. GEHMAN

Condensed from 21\*

**M**y first 100 hours in the army was like 100 minutes on a torture rack. Today, nine years later, the situation is different. A young man can expect civil treatment, efficiency on the part of officers and noncoms, and sincere concern for his welfare. Flaws continue in the processing of inductees. But after all, most organizations have some flaws.

Every man going into service today wonders what's going to happen to him. Many unforgivable foul-ups occurred in the 2nd World War. Men were assigned to jobs for which they weren't qualified. Men were sent into combat without proper training. To find out how things are handled now I visited several induction and reception centers.

What I learned there shows that the life of a private is still no picnic, but may help the inductee face the future less dubiously.

Shortly after being sworn in, the inductee is sent to a reception center within 300 miles of his home.

(The army won't say how many such centers there are; the information is classified.) Whichever center you land in, it's almost certain to be better equipped and run than the campgrounds of the 2nd World War.

The maddening waiting has been shortened. The minute you arrive, the following things happen in rapid-fire order.

1. Your records from the induction center are checked, and you are assigned to a temporary company for administration.

2. You are given a hasty physical inspection.

3. You are issued raincoat and fatigue hat.

4. You are issued blankets, sheets, and a bunk, and assigned to a barracks. Don't count on maid service.

5. You are given a hot meal within two hours.

At Fort George G. Meade, Md., I was served soup, pork chops, fried potatoes, peas, green salad with carrots, ice cream, bread, butter and coffee, and it wasn't bad. In the outfits of which I was a member from '42 to '46, the food

always tasted as though the cooks had taken special army courses in how to ruin it. They had been plumbers, hod-carriers, or house-wreckers in civilian life.

Today the chow resembles food most men are used to. But don't judge army food by your first 100 hours. It is better at basic-training camps.

When you leave home, it's a good idea to take along as little gear as possible. Toothbrush, soap, razor, and blades will suffice. The army will give you everything you need to wear. Your folks can ship your civvies to your permanent organization later. You won't have much use for any but GI clothes in basic training.

Soon after you arrive at the reception center you'll be issued \$160 worth of clothing, including an Eisenhower jacket (which has replaced the skirted blouse I wore), and o.d. pants and shirt. You also get a belt, tie, four pairs of socks, four suits of underwear, two fatigue uniforms, overseas cap, combat boots or low shoes, and a bar-racks bag to carry it all in.

This clothing will be fitted by a tailor. As soon as your o.d. dress uniform is ready, they'll have it cleaned and pressed. At the reception center, you'll wear fatigues most of the time. Don't fret about their bagginess; nobody's fatigues look respectable until they've been laundered and faded.

The first speech you hear, and

you'll hear plenty before you're finished, will be delivered either by the commanding officer or some other brass hat. It will consist of the following message: you're in the army; we're glad to have you; we don't want any nonsense; we're here to help you; try not to mix things up; be of good cheer. Be sure to ask the welcoming officer any questions that are on your mind. He'll answer them all, except possibly, "When do we get out?"

Next you'll hear from the chaplain, who will tell you about the religious and recreational facilities of the post. You can have visitors in off-duty hours at the center. You can't go off the reservation, but you'll find plenty to do there. The movies are usually the latest, which civilians haven't seen. In the service clubs, you can shoot pool or play table tennis, dance with girls from near-by towns or watch television. In the PX you can buy almost anything you need, including cigarettes at about a \$1.20 a carton.

You won't have to do any KP or garbage detail while you're going through the mill. These healthful, fragrant tasks are reserved for men awaiting shipment.

One night, when I reported at New Cumberland during the 2nd World War, a corporal awakened me at four A.M. He sent me out to pick up cigarette butts, or "police the area," in army parlance. I worked until seven. I had a hasty breakfast, and reported to the med-

ics for shots. After that, dead tired, and with a fever, I took a couple of aptitude tests. That sort of nonsense is no longer in force.

At one point during your first or second day, you will be herded into a GI auditorium for a reading of the Articles of War, the army's constitution. Try not to fall asleep. If you ever get into trouble, lack of knowledge of the Articles of War will not excuse you.

Later comes a film on sex morality. Strong men have retched at some of the scenes in this production. Your respect for continence will increase after you have seen this.

You take the Armed Forces General Classification test at the induction center. Results of this test show an estimate of your intelligence, reasoning power, and general knowledge.

You'll keep right on taking tests at the reception center. They are designed to measure your vocabulary, knowledge of and aptitude for arithmetic, pattern analysis, mechanics, clerical work, radio code, automotive mechanics, and shop work. You'll also fill out a form to give classifiers some idea of your vocational preferences. You may not be interested in some of the subjects, but try for as high a score as possible in each. Do this, even if only to get the best possible job in the army. Moreover, you may have aptitudes of which you had never been aware.

The tests are scored shortly after you've finished. A little later you'll be interviewed by a noncom who will pump you with questions about background, interests, and ambitions. This man will partly determine your specification number, which will in turn determine your army career. He deserves cooperation.

The army now recognizes that its best asset is a soldier who makes full use of his powers. It's highly unlikely that you'll be put in a job for which you're unsuited.

You'll get your shots shortly after your tests. There will be two (typhoid and typhus), and a vaccination for smallpox. You might as well get used to that man with the needle; he'll be coming at you periodically throughout your army career.

Around this time, you'll be taken to hear another lecture. This one is by the information-and-education officer on "Why You Are In the Army." He will give you a brief, illuminating picture of the events leading up to the national emergency that tapped you on the shoulder. And then he may go on and give you a preview of basic training.

Two steps remain; both are important. First, you'll have an interview with a personal affairs noncom who will help you fill out an application for government life insurance, savings bonds, and so on. Later, in basic, you can assign pay

allotments to your parents or, if you're married, to your wife.

The final step is the most pleasant: your first army pay day. Some men come into the service with nothing but a pocketful of dreams. To take care of such unfortunates, the army pays each man a \$10 advance on his first pay. As a private in basic, you'll earn \$75 a month, or \$3 less than I got as a buck sergeant back in the 2nd World War. After four months, you'll get \$82.50.

All this takes about 100 hours, or nearly four days. You'll spend your remaining time in a variety of ways. You'll be learning to wear the uniform properly. You'll have some fundamental close-order drill and saluting; you'll exercise and play games; and, unless you're lucky, you'll be on work details.

You probably won't know where you're going to be sent for basic until you're on the train, or perhaps even until you arrive there. In some instances, men are simply marched across the camp from reception center to training battalion. It's far more likely that you'll be sent a long way from home. The army follows such a policy, I think, for psychological reasons. Sending you far away from your folks is one good way of bringing home the idea that you're now a soldier.

You've probably heard a good deal about how, in this new army, soldiers are being treated like gentlemen. To a degree, that's true. Noncoms no longer spout the un-

printable language they used on my buddies and me. That doesn't mean that you will not be expected to jump when you're ordered.

With the exception of combat and extended field maneuvers, your basic training will be the roughest part of your army life. The pace seems sometimes to be more than you can stand; yet, somehow, you survive it. You'll loathe the army during the first few weeks of basic. Everything you're told to do will make you angry. You'll gripe a lot, and you won't be able to see any good reason for many of the things the army expects you to do.

But along about the end of the first month, you may suddenly find your whole attitude changed.

You may well enjoy certain aspects of the life. You'll probably get a good, solid feeling of cooperative enterprise when you and your squad complete a field problem successfully. If it hadn't been for the army, you may reflect, you would not have met Charlie, the kid from South Dakota who likes the same things you do, or Joe, the funny-looking guy from Philadelphia who tells the terrific jokes. Don't worry about this new attitude. Don't think for a minute that the army has beaten you down or that you might some day adopt the crusty manners of the professional soldier.

You'll be surprised, when you're discharged, at how easy it will be to get used to being a civilian again. It took me about 100 hours.



*The generosity of the people of Jacksonville was overwhelming, but that made it tough for the navy chaplain*

## Christmas Kidnaping

By MAURICE S. SHEEHY (U.S.N.R.)



**S**OMETIMES I wish Congress would set up a Committee to Find Out What's Right About Us Americans. That's one committee before which I would like to testify. Since there isn't any such committee I should address myself, perhaps, to the Special Senate Committee on Investigating Organized Crime.

I should like to inform it about one of the greatest mass kidnappings in history. It happened at Christmas time during the war while I was serving as chaplain at the Naval Air station at Jacksonville, Fla.

I had been asked to look after a little matter of 1,100 invitations which came from the people of that hospitable Florida community who wished sailors to go with their turkey dinner. The first 500 invitations went like ice-cream sundaes in the Indian ocean. After that, I had to check cadets and sailors to be sure that no one was overlooked on Christmas day. For their first time, most of the men would not enjoy Christmas in their own homes.

At midnight Mass, sung by eight fliers (four weren't around for the next Christmas), I managed to dispose of my few remaining invitations. I told the boys they might replace some missing son by accepting one.

All seemed to be going well. About noon, I settled down to a little rest.

All this occurred before Unification. I did not suspect, however, that the army, by calling an alert at Camp Blanding, would destroy whatever peace I prayed for on Christmas day.

The radio carried the news that none of the 60,000 soldiers at Blanding would be free to come to Jacksonville.

That is when the kidnaping started. An innocent little sailor would stroll through the front gate of our station. Instantly, he was waylaid, set upon, abducted, and thrown into the nearest car. At one time more than 50 kidnapers were lined up in front of the station. The names and addresses which I had laboriously prepared were completely ignored.

About one P.M. my telephone began ringing. "Where are my sailor guests?" "Our turkey is done!" "We've still got six extra places." These were the wails which reached my ear.

To say I was mystified is to understate. Green though I was in the ways of navy men, I know they didn't ordinarily act like that. Yet, as far as I could discover, about 1,100 had vanished into thin air. Sailors don't run away when there is turkey in the offing.

One of the cadets called me early in the afternoon. "I got here, Father," he said, "but what a struggle! You can't get through the people trying to grab you off."

Typical of the experiences of others was that of a seaman in our service school. "As soon as I got to the front gate, a guy in a Cadillac grabbed me. He asked me if I had relatives in Jacksonville. I told him, 'No.' 'Okay, kid,' he says, 'you're eating at my house.' Boy, what a dinner! Then I thought you'd be sore because I didn't go where you sent me, so I went over there. They were still waiting for me. I ate all I could, and ducked out to a movie. About eight P.M. I came out, and I heard a woman say to a man, 'There's one.' Before I knew it, I was on my way to another Christmas dinner. Really, Father, I'm afraid I can't take much more of life in Jacksonville. I've only one stomach to give to my country."

One of the cadets got through

the lines by pretending he had a wife to see (which shouldn't have fooled anyone, because cadets weren't allowed to marry). His name was Smith, and I had given him an invitation to a family by the same name. There he met a charming young Miss Smith. She liked his name and he liked hers. Shortly afterward, he told her he thought it would be a shame if she should ever change her name, and she thought so, too. The last time I saw them there were four new little Smiths in Jacksonville.

Then about six o'clock, after a worrisome and futile Christmas day, I just remembered that Percy Zacharias was expecting me to send some guests for his Christmas dinner. Percy was a brother of a most distinguished naval officer, an admiral—but admirals don't bother me much. I was concerned because when I went to Percy for 1,600 toys for children from ages two to 12, he got them for me. They were all wrapped up and ready for delivery at our Christmas party. This was the man I was letting down, a Jewish merchant who had helped to bring Christmas to the navy children.

One last chance. I dashed to the hospital. There I found a couple of convalescing aviators who would accompany me if I would go with them to the Zacharias home. I did. I had to escape from my telephone for an hour, anyhow.

I was driving back to the station

when I saw some sailors in trouble. Three Negro boys! They were loaded down with packages.

"What happened to you?" I asked them.

"Chaplain," said one, "we were just born lucky, I guess. These are our presents." Then he grinned. "Believe me, if anyone asks where Santa Claus lives, I'll tell 'em, 'Jacksonville, Fla.'"

Not to prolong this story, my charge is that the people of Jacksonville kidnaped, some with threats of duress and others with

turkey, a whole mob of sailors, in bright daylight. Something should be done about it, especially since it ruined one day of my life. We, the people, expect the Committee on Investigating Organized Crime to keep this country of ours law-abiding.

P. S. On further thought, so many of these sailors married Jacksonville girls that it may be hard to distinguish at this late date between abductor and abductee, so maybe the committee ought to lay off the whole business.



## Flights of Fancy



Her mind is always on the tip of her tongue.—*J. A. Rice.*

To find a parking place, circle the block. You'll find the car ahead just pulling into it.—*Will C. Jones.*

Out of the mouths of babes come words we shouldn't have said in the first place.—*Ruth E. Reukel.*

A boy is grown up when he walks around a puddle instead of through it.

Bees warming up their tiny motors in the sunlight.—*J. C. Tressler.*

Clock-eyed secretaries. — *Navy Guide.*

Many people look on religion as on

a trolley car. It's good if it's going their way.—*Josef Chevalier.*

Seasickness: traveling across the ocean by rail.—*Rod Brasfield.*

An old cottage with tiny square windows at which ivy tapped friendly fingers.—*Dorothy Evelyn Smith.*

Rummage sale: system for moving things from one attic to another.—*Hudson Newsletter.*

Some play golf for exercise; others play a better game.—*Dan Bennett.*

Her decision flickered and wavered like a candle flame in a draft.—*J. C. Tressler.*

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry that it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

*You can create and help interests that  
will guide your youngster's development*



## How to Choose Your Child's Toys

By KATHERINE REEVES

Condensed from  
*Living for Young Homemakers\**

**I**n grandpa's day, children did not depend on comic books or television sets. They resorted to their own inventiveness. They had more space, a physical freedom, and more safety. Their play was simpler. It was a preparation for a constructive life ahead.

Today's child is snowed under by mechanical gadgets. If he seems passive and blasé, unimaginative about his splendid toy chest, it is hard to blame him. What parent has not watched his child ignore a dazzling array of Christmas presents, only to choose the simplest, cheapest thing in his stocking?

When you watch children create the raw stuff of play out of whatever comes to hand, you are struck with the way they use all simple, natural things. Unfortunately, most children today do not have the means of these natural pleasures. Many miss them because adults have forgotten their importance. At all ages children need things to challenge the body, intelligence and

imagination: some to nourish individual and personal interests, and others which can be shared. An intelligent choice of playthings, and warm and proper guidance in their use is up to the parents.

The two-year-old is an explorer, experimenting with everything: his new-found legs, fingers, mouth, his ability to rotate, crawl (and perhaps fall headlong on the kitchen floor). Remember that your *enfant terrible* is not being deliberately naughty when he reaches for a handsome porcelain dish. He is simply being his age, finding boundless pleasure in objects and forms new to him. He must find out about things in the simplest, most direct way: by handling them and testing them. At his age he doesn't need expensive toys, he is happy with the simplest materials, his own things to drag, throw, smear, pat, and pound. An assortment of scoops, soft dolls, and scraps of colored cloth will be endlessly entertaining. The two-year-

old's dolls and toy animals should be washable, for they get rough handling. A ball, four to eight inches in diameter; some brick-shaped blocks made of hardwood and sanded smooth, with a basket to hold them in; a box for a doll bed; a pegboard that will take pegs the size of six-inch lengths of broomstick; a nest of cans painted in bright colors with nonpoisonous paint, a set of measuring cups; a small sturdy wagon or cart for hauling. With these, or any part of them, the parent can relax with hours of peaceful, absorbing activity in view.

Three and four is the time for building things, the time for more "do-with" toys. But electrical and mechanical toys have a limited value for the preschool child. Unable to understand the cumbersome automatic equipment, the three and four-year-old just sits and watches the toy work. He is soon bored with this beautiful, expensive object, and he leaves it, to look for something else to play with.

Try instead some stimulating alternatives he can work with himself; hollow blocks which can be easily handled and from which big structures can be made, a proud sight for him to behold, a reward for his energetic efforts. A basket of odds and ends of lumber from the mill, often available at no cost, provides really creative building material. (Such pieces should be sanded.) Puzzles and toys with

three and four pieces which present problems are useful. The small-town child or the country child, who can get a log of wood, or whose school has a workshop, has an advantage over the child who hasn't these resources. Don't forget a storage place and space to play. It is more frustrating to have materials but no space in which to use them than to do without them entirely.

The five-year-old has discovered some of the fun of playing with other people. Prepare for the copy-cat aping of grown-up people's talk and mannerisms. The fascinating life of the neighborhood is the inspiration. However, too many copy-cat play materials discourage imagination. To the blocks which you have given him from the time he was two you can now add some of the more intricate forms: cylinders, Y-shapes, triangles, and cones. His digging place in the yard might now get good digging tools, such as the short-handled shovel found in army outlet stores. Add a ladder three to four feet long, a sturdy keg or two. A small mallet and pegs, and a box of wood scraps, will help the child work out constructive ideas, replacing the destructive tendencies of the five-year-old. Children have always dramatized acts of violence. Resources for creation are perhaps the best counteractive force to this tension and excitement.

Five and six is also the time

when the child begins to discover the world of organized sport. He wants skills which will give him entree to the team. A basket and basketball will give him and his playmates many hours of activity richer than play in the casual sense. Through it he will be perfecting coordination, learning to take turns, learning new confidence by knowing the rules.

For the girls, five and six are ages for mothering, collecting toy furniture, an intense interest in dolls, dollhouses, miniature houses. It is the age of miniatures, in both boys and girls, the beginning of a rage for collections.

From the time your child is very young, keep an eye on what will be his permanent, long-range interests. From the first limp rag book that can be chewed as well as looked at, he will be developing an aesthetic sense that is the foun-

dation of a lifetime of pleasure. Picture books will tell him stories in a form he can understand, even before he knows how to read. Later, fine books become a worthwhile investment. By encouraging his pride of ownership, they can also be the first lesson in teaching him to care for his possessions.

With good music, as with good words, the listening ear of childhood is filled and educated. You will find it worth while to invest in a simple record player that the child can handle himself. But the quality of recording must be good, so that the ideas and musical tones come through clearly.

The roots of serious hobbies, perhaps even of adult professions, can be found in these early play interests: in nature, science, the arts. Parents who cultivate them are helping to point a child's way to a happy future of adult fulfillment.

## I think we can AVOID WAR *if*

we all pray for peace. The only profit out of bloodletting is the fear in those who suffer. Should atomic weapons be as devastatingly efficient as their authors claim, the only ultimate gain is fear, and bitter, re-criminating memories.

The margins of world peace have been approached only when Christ's

code of love was most nearly realized. Men praying are men tolerant, men of peace. I am naive enough to believe that Stalin himself could not prevent his miserable dupes from joining us could we but prove we all want peace by praying for it from the Source.

Roger Healy.

*[For similar contributions of about 100 words filling out the thought after the words, I think we can avoid war if, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts will not be returned.—Ed.]*



*Bethlehem can be a station*

## Our Lady of the Subway

By BILL SMITH

Condensed from the *Annals of Our Lady of the Cape*\*

**T**HE average New Yorker doesn't live on Park Ave. A good deal of his time is spent fighting his way to and from the subway, and putting in a good eight-hour day for his boss. Each ride to and from work may take an hour or more. It is paid for in weariness from standing up in a crowded car and being jostled by mobs. Thus, the average citizen's favorite gripe concerns this form of transportation: the crowds, the impossibility of getting a seat, and the complications of getting from the Bronx, say, to Flatbush in Brooklyn. But the subway is so much a part of the average New Yorker's life that he loves the big, dark hole in the ground with the affection usually reserved for a mischievous child.

And, in its noisy, dark, stuffy way, the subway is wonderful. This is not so much because it is the safest railroad in the world and a marvel of engineering prowess, but because of its chief annoyance, the passengers.

Down there you will find a scene



somewhat like that of the first Pentecost, for there are people "from every nation under heaven." It is no place for you if you don't like people with a different skin or culture than yours.

It is no place for you if you don't like crowds. The subway is human nature in the raw, frequently tired and disgruntled.

And since when have crowds been so bad? Who am I to insist on reading my newspaper in peace, or doing the horizontal, as well as the vertical words of a crossword puzzle? Who am I to get irked at people around me?

I am reminded of our Lady at Lourdes, at La Salette, and at Fatima, and further back in history, when she was honored as the Black Virgin at the cave in Chartres. She has always specialized in crowds. She doesn't seem to be satisfied unless thousands throng around her

\**Cap-de-la-Madeleine, Que., Canada. March, 1951.*

shrines, and sing her hymns, and, I suppose, from a human standpoint, make general nuisances of themselves. She doesn't care what the crowds look like, or how they are dressed, or even how they smell. She just loves them, every person in the lot, no matter who he is or where he is from, or what his race or nationality.

That is why I think she doesn't mind the crowds on the subway. I am sure she loves them with a special kind of love, because she welcomes people with problems and sorrows and even sins.

How could she fail to look gently upon the woman who has cleaned offices all night long and is going home to a dingy cold-water tenement? And here is the man whose wife is ill at home. He has to go to work, even after sitting up with her all night. He has to be on the job bright and early and turn in a good day's work if he wants to keep on making a living. It doesn't make any difference if his heart is breaking and his body cracking. Do you think the Lady doesn't look upon him with the eyes of a tender mother, even though he never may have heard of her?

But not only the patient, humble, and piteous ride the subway. Others, unquestionably, are on their way to places they shouldn't be going. Some are going to places of business that cater to immorality and vice; others are on the way to

work with one end in view, to cheat their fellows under the guise of sound business practice.

They are all there: all the sinners and saints and near-saints and near-sinners of a great city. But they are not alone, for I think the Lady rides with them. Somehow, she must be close to the cab of every motorman as he hurls his train through the labyrinth of tracks and switches deep down in the earth. And she must think of another cavern in the earth where, on the peace and quiet of a starry night, she bore her Son and laid Him in the manger.

How different is this cavern of the subway! Instead of the stars of heaven, the Lady sees the red and green signal lights blink on and off in the gloom. Instead of the song of the angels, she hears the roar of the trains and the screech of brakes. Instead of the sweet odor of hay in the stable, she smells the sweat of men and women and the acrid stench of the hot motors of the cars.

But she is there. This can be her shrine. For there are her devotees. There are the people on their way to an early Mass and Communion, perhaps at St. Francis church on 31st St. On the St. Francis doorstep the subway disgorges its crowds, many of whom find their way to the altar rail, or to confession, or just to make a visit to the King of Kings. There you'll find bellhops from the big hotels, en-

gineers and conductors from nearby Pennsylvania station, visitors from out of town, in furs and fine clothes, and little withered old ladies, and bums from the breadline which the good Franciscan Fathers operate every day, and cops, and executives, and just ordinary working men and women.

Praying is done in the subway, just as in other shrines of our Lady. I have watched people reading the little booklet called *Rosary Novenas*, while at the same time they had one hand in a coat pocket. And I knew what they were doing: saying the Rosary.

In the subway you may learn humility, for there you are just one of the many. There is no 1st or 2nd class there. And if it happens that a train gets stalled, or a fire breaks out, you are reduced to the least common denominator along with your fellows, be they black, white or yellow, rich or poor, worker or executive.

Down in the subway you can learn almost literally what Christ

meant when He said that if a man strikes you on one cheek, turn also the other. If you get pushed from one side, it is a foregone conclusion that you will be squeezed from the other. And what can you do? Get angry and do your own pushing? If everybody did that, there would be a riot every few minutes. But think what a chance a person has, in all that mob, to practice humility and patience. You can offer to God all the shovings for love of Him, in memory of His Passion, when He was pushed, and fell on the way to Calvary. Every subway can be a little Calvary.

Finally, the subway can serve as a meditation on death. For every time you walk down a subway stairs, you are in some sense prefiguring that day when you will not walk down into the earth, but will be lowered into it. On that day you will need have no fear of crowds, for you will be alone, unless during life you have had the companionship of our Lady and her Son.



### Old Stuff

A CARTOON by Bill Mauldin showed two citizens of ancient Rome in perplexed conversation. Said the stout one with the embroidered toga, "All right, but how would you like your daughter to marry a Christian?" From *Living Without Hate*, by Alfred J. Marrow.

*You have one strike against you already. Here's  
how to keep from striking out*

## You Can Be a Good Mother-in-Law

By EDITH G. NEISSER  
Condensed from a pamphlet\*



**M**OTHERS-IN-LAW have had a bad press. For some reason, a man feels that he has to apologize for thinking his wife's mother an admirable woman. Is there something in the relationship itself which creates difficulties? The answer is Yes. Inescapable pulls and tensions are part of your feelings toward the people your children marry, and of their feelings toward you.

There are four reasons why you may be resented as a mother-in-law even though your conduct is above reproach.

1. Sometimes you are the ideal which a daughter-in-law feels she can never attain. The pies that mother used to bake are a symbol. The actual quality of the pies is not the point at issue. In moments of stress or discouragement, sons are likely to paint a glorified picture of mother and her ways.

2. Many a husband or wife may feel that his or her mate was never understood nor appreciated as a child. He or she may therefore be

angry with the parents-in-law who "never gave Jim (or Jenny) the break he (or she) deserved."

3. Wives and husbands tend to lay the blame for all shortcomings of a spouse on the mother-in-law.

"If you'd had any training at home, you'd know that a husband shouldn't be late for dinner every night."

"If your mother had brought you up right, you'd be able to get along on what I make."

4. A mother-in-law may be a scapegoat. Perhaps your son-in-law or daughter-in-law has often been angry at his or her own mother, but has felt guilty about that anger and pushed it out of the way. Disliking your own mother is not an acceptable sentiment, but annoyance at a mother-in-law does not stamp anyone as a heartless, ungrateful creature. The unacceptable feelings are transferred.

In the same way, unconscious tensions affect your attitude toward the persons your children marry. Three different feelings may dis-

\*Public Affairs Pamphlet No. 174: *How to be a Good Mother-in-Law and Grandmother.*  
18 Copyright, 1951, Public Affairs Committee, 22 E. 38th St., New York City, 16.

turb you. In the first place, grown children represent a tremendous emotional investment. As a result, you are not always enraptured with the person who takes one away.

Then, too, it is hard to believe that this green girl, one step beyond a bobby-soxer, or that callow youth, who never before has taken much responsibility, is qualified for the important task of looking after your son or daughter, and before long, your grandchildren.

How often we hear, "Of course, I want Kate to get married. It's just that I don't believe Charlie is grown up enough to look after her. If they'd only wait a year or two."

In the third place, you may actually find yourself with a son-in-law or daughter-in-law whose ideas, standards, and values are different from your own. Manners, tastes, and interests may offer little common ground for establishing a cosy, comfortable intimacy. Trivial matters bulk so large in any close relationship that it would probably be easier to have a son-in-law who was a pirate than one who disagrees with you about radio comedians, how well a steak should be done, or whether little boys should be taught to quit the ball game to greet their grandmothers even when the bases are loaded.

Because of such feelings, your relationship to your children and their partners is not only a mat-

ter of what is said and done today; it is shaped at different times by different feelings of long standing. You need not, therefore, feel you are being personally insulted by a cross word, black look, or even more serious outburst. Not what you say or do, but what you symbolize is frequently the root of the difficulty.

In spite of the unavowed resentments, there are steps that can make the relationship with sons-in-law and daughters-in-law more satisfactory. No rules can be laid down about the deference due to age or the right of younger people to go their own way; about your right to demand attention, or about being completely independent and accepting no favors. Situations can be worked out, difficulties resolved, only through compromises. Sometimes you may be the one to offer care, other times you may be the one to be cared for. If you can do both with good grace, everyone concerned will be happier.

You may be determined not to inconvenience your children. Because you insist on being self-effacing and self-sacrificing, you may end by being just as tiresome as if you had always insisted on carrying out your own wishes.

If your objective is to meet your grown children and their mates as friends rather than children, you must let them make the important decisions in their own lives.

Where they live, how they spend their money or leisure, or divide responsibilities are all personal matters every couple must work out for themselves.

*Carrie*, a story by Huston Macready that appeared in *Harper's Magazine* in 1931, was an excellent illustration of how much sorrow well-intentioned managing can bring. A young couple returned from their wedding trip to find that the parents of the groom were presenting them with a house completely furnished down to the last bedspread and lampshade. The house, though sturdy and well laid out, was totally without charm and not in the least like the house the bride had dreamed of. At the end of the story you know that all her hopes for a good marriage have died; and the gay, spirited Caroline must become Carrie, the submissive daughter-in-law.

The first loyalty of every married man or woman is to wife or husband. As a mother-in-law, you reinforce that loyalty every time you think of the couple as a unit. Never say anything to either one you would not be willing to say to both, for, make no mistake, sooner or later the other one will hear about it. When a son or daughter marries, you never again deal with

It is now possible to put your mother-in-law on a paying basis. This is how one lawyer does it.

"When the new Social Security law went into effect on Jan. 1, 1951," the lawyer said, "my mother-in-law was precisely 63½ years old. I hired her as a baby sitter. I began to pay her \$50 every three months, for 24 days' work during the three months. This brings her under coverage as a domestic—and nothing in the law forbids hiring an in-law as a servant.

"We will continue the arrangement until July 1, 1952, by which time she will have six quarters of coverage. She will then quit and go on the social security payroll for the rest of her life at \$20 a month. Total cost to the two of us: \$9 in social security tax, plus the \$300 I've paid her in wages. If I bought her a life annuity of \$20 at age 65, it would cost me about \$3,700." *Nation's Business* (Oct. '51).

him or her as your child, but always as half of a husband-and-wife combination.

Because they are a unit, you fare better if you can avoid taking sides in their quarrels. As one seasoned mother-in-law put it, "When an argument starts, I take a walk. Then I don't know what happened, and I am not pulled in."

Inciting rebellion or creating bad feelings should be against the principles of all right-thinking mothers-in-law. There is a difference in stating your own disapproval mildly, and trying to persuade a wife



or husband that he or she should not endure such treatment.

Mrs. Corbetti had recently returned from a stay at her son's home, where she had been keeping things going while the younger Mrs. C. went to the hospital to have a third baby.

"I'll bet you housecleaned like mad while you were there. These young girls don't seem to mind how thick the dust gets," one of her friends remarked.

"That's just what I didn't do," answered Mrs. Corbetti. "I'll admit Nancy isn't a raging housekeeper, but she's darling with those youngsters of hers, and Fred adores her. She had put everything in what she thought was apple-pie order before I came. If I'd turned the house inside out according to my notions of how it should be, it would have been as good as telling her I didn't like the way she did things. I went there to look after Fred and the little boys, and I left her closets and cupboards strictly alone."

To say that a mother-in-law should never give advice or make suggestions would be to take all the spontaneity out of her contacts with her married children. Many times a frank expression of feeling can clear the air. Still, it is a good idea to watch how, to whom, and how often you volunteer your opinions. Advice, like any commodity, is more sought after when it is scarce and hard to get. But where you feel you must make sug-

gestions, you might start by saying, "Do you think this might be a good idea?"

It takes time and patience to discover where you must tread lightly and where the fabric of the relationship can stand some strain. It may be a good plan to ration your critical comments and directions. Reserve your ammunition for the really important matters. Many times your idea may be sounder, your way better. But putting your plan across may wreck the relationship between you and your son-in-law or daughter-in-law.

Nobody enjoys hearing how well somebody else disciplines his children, manages his income, or chooses her hats. Your sons and daughters and their mates will appreciate your good judgment in not reporting the successes or failures of one household to another. The fact that you are not a carrier of gossip not only makes them enjoy your company more, but it makes them feel it is safe to confide in you. They especially value your restraint in not discussing Billy's sniffles or Nell's tantrums.

No two persons make a bed, clean a sink, or peel a potato in exactly the same way, yet there are innumerable good ways of doing these things. If two generations who must live together realize this, they can usually plan a division of duties in keeping with the time, the energy, and the skill which each has to contribute.

## Overwork and Live

By EDWIN D. NEFF

Condensed from the *Rotarian*\*

**T**HE head of a big New York corporation recently collapsed during his address at a hospital-campaign luncheon. His partner mentioned something about overwork. That afternoon every man who had been at the speaker's table called his physician for an appointment.

The story could be duplicated in city after city. You yourself know of similar cases. You will hear of more.

There is so far no "miracle" drug to cure fatigue, no vaccine to prevent it. However, a number of danger signals show up in plenty of time to prevent overfatigue.

Dr. Jack Masur, medical director of the clinical center of the Public Health service, put it this way. The human body has incredible energy reserves in youth. You can recall studying all night, then taking a cold shower before dashing off to early class or an early job. As we get older, however, we keep taking on responsibility at the time when youth's energy reserves are going down. A truck driver may get away with taking caffeine pills to keep his machine on the road all night; he'll get his sleep

eventually, and he's under physical tension, not emotional tension. Physical fatigue is more easily compensated for than the emotional and mental strain of an executive.

However, a point of no return comes, after which you can't make up lost energy with extra sleep. That is where the tailspin begins. Sometimes the heart just stops. Sometimes the mind gives way first; the victim has become too exhausted to separate trivialities from major problems.

One of the earliest warnings of overfatigue is headache. It is one of the easiest to detect. According to Dr. Lester Blumenthal, director of the headache clinic at George Washington University hospital, overwork can bring head pains in many tricky ways. Prolonged mental tension tightens up the muscles in the head and neck. When the breakdown products of these muscles aren't eliminated soon enough, sharp pain reflexes result.

Oddly enough, there's a "relaxation headache" too, sometimes called "Sunday headache." This also results from prolonged, severe tension, but the mechanism is a bit different. Sudden and complete re-

laxation after tough brainwork causes the blood vessels of the head to lose "tone." Blood pounding through the slack vessels stretches the sensitive walls, causing intense pain.

Sometimes persons who suffer few headaches suddenly begin getting frequent and much worse headaches when they take on extra mental strain. This is the migraine type, with its nausea and sudden blind spells which force the victim to stop work altogether for two or three days.

An example of the diagnostic value of headache is the type produced by too much smoking. When you stop to ask yourself *why* you smoke too much, the key to the problem is at hand. Too much smoking is a sure sign of tension. Nicotine is a stimulant. It spurs your system to supply steady energy beyond the amounts normally available. It is often the start of a vicious and completely artificial speed-up enabling you to draw off energy faster than it is replaced.

Smoking is only a mild stimulant. Its effects are far less dramatic than benzedrine or caffeine, often the next step in the stimulative overdraft from your energy bank. Benzedrine and caffeine are quick and easy medicines to keep you pounding hour after hour, conference after conference, through nine and ten hours at your desk, then far into the night at home.

Sometimes, though, you have to

sleep. Then you discover another symptom of the constant build-up of fatigue. You can't sleep. The throttle is still wide open, and the engines, prompted by artificial fuel, keep grinding. There is, however, a convenient brake which will pull the machine up short, before you can ease off the throttle. This may be either alcohol or sleeping pills.

The wife of a stockbroker in a large Eastern city told me she began to realize her husband was working too hard when she went over the family checkbook. In the last two months the check stubs for liquor had doubled. Her husband, normally a light drinker, began taking two or three drinks before dinner and two or three before bedtime.

"It's odd," his wife remarked. "He watches the ticker tape every day for signs of trouble on the market. Yet there was real trouble building up in those check stubs."

Far worse than alcohol, however, are the seductive little sleeping capsules. They are cheaper than liquor and only too easy to get in some states. They seem such a simple way to get to sleep. Bad as they have been painted in the Sunday supplements, the true story is even worse. New studies by Dr. Harris Isbell, of the Public Health service, show that "in some respects addiction to [sleeping pills] is more dangerous than addiction to morphine."

Sleeping pills complete the vi-

cious cycle of artificially sustained energy: stimulants to stay awake, sedatives to get to sleep. Energy reserves, steadily drained and never adequately replaced, sink closer to the bottom. We have reached, or come dangerously close to, the point of no return. Drastic and prolonged treatment is necessary. Yet the whole tragedy is preventable.

Let's go back to the fellow whose wife suddenly realized how heavily he had come to rely on liquor to relax. She pointed out to him that the only reason for the extra drinks was overwork. They went over his office schedule. He admitted that several of his most irritating responsibilities could be handled by subordinates as well as himself. His wife moved dinner up an hour, leaving time for him to visit with his family after a long day at the office. If he had to work at night, he made it a point to quit an hour before bedtime, allowing time for his mind to relax before sleep. The plan worked.

The trick is not to force yourself to quit bad habits (usually they are bad only in excess), but to remove the reason for the habits. Check over your daily work schedule and see where you can ease off without cutting your production.

Here are suggestions from executives who have learned to overwork and stay alive. One or more may be useful to you.

1. Leave an unscheduled hour in

your workday for emergencies. Then an unannounced conference, a sudden summons by the head of the firm, won't throw your day out of gear and add to your nervous strain.

2. Work a long week end into your schedule from time to time. During it you and an efficient assistant can take care of piled-up correspondence without constant phone breaks. Phone calls often mean decisions: decisions every few minutes wear you down.

3. Learn to work brief rest periods into your day whenever possible. They not only help recharge the batteries, but also break up the steady drain on your energy. A half hour, or less, after lunch and again late in the afternoon are logical times to relax.

5. Avoid heavy meals. You and your physician might talk over the English system of five light meals a day instead of three heavy ones. A "spot of tea" in the late afternoon breaks up the grind and supplies new energy. A moderate dinner, followed by another light snack before bed, aids sleep.

Another benefit of the five-meal system is the constant replacing of energy burned up by hard work. However, if you eat oftener than three times daily, you must ease up at regular meals; otherwise the extra nourishment goes into extra weight.

Finally, don't be too much of an eager beaver. Don't develop work

fetishes, like insisting on a clean desk top. Just recall the old story of the army lieutenant who always reached the end of his workday with a desk as barren as a Monday-morning football field. Across the hall a work-harried captain regularly swept piles of unfinished papers into his brief case at quitting time, cursing himself for being less efficient than his lieutenant was.

"For gosh sake, lieutenant," said the exasperated captain one day, "tell me how you do it."

"Easy," replied the lieutenant. "When 5 P.M. comes, I mark every scrap of unfinished paper remaining on my desk, 'Attention of Captain Smith.'"

"Why, you lowdown So-and-So!" screamed the captain. "I am Captain Smith!"

## The Open Door

A scientist looked at a bug  
With his keen microscopical eye,  
And he said, "What I see  
Is a lesson to me  
That I'll never forget till I die.

"For the infinitesimal bug,  
Whether taken in part or in whole,  
From whisker and feeler,  
To smeller and squealer,  
Is under one central control.

"Such unity built in a bug!"  
The scientist pondered and then,  
"If God will do that  
For a flea or a gnat,  
Would He plan with less wisdom for  
men?"

"Would He fashion a Church for us  
here,

*These verses, by Arnott J. White, are an account of the conversion of Samuel Haldeman (1812—1880), a professor of Natural Science at the University of Pennsylvania.*

Yolanda C. Bergamini.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned.—Ed.]

Through which all His blessings  
might flow,  
With a unity less  
Than this bug's? I confess  
That there's no other answer but  
No!"

So the scientist, led by the bug,  
Started off on a diligent quest  
For a unified church,  
And in all of his search  
Only one measured up to the test.

And today people ask him, and  
smile,  
When he answers their questioning  
shrug,  
And says in reply,  
" 'Tis a fact, sir, that I  
Was led into the Church by a bug."



*It's the safest of sports if you learn it in time*

## Who's Scared of Ski Jumping?

By TOM HARRINGTON

Condensed from the 3M Megaphone\*

*Tom Harrington has been president of the St. Paul Ski club, vice president of the Central U.S. Ski association, chairman of the Central U.S. Ski jumping committee, and a member of the National Ski jumping committee.*

I AM a ski jumper. People ask me: How do you get started? What does it feel like? Why do some jump farther than others? Aren't you scared? The answers are simple. 1. The same as any sport. 2. Wonderful. 3. Skill. 4. No.

You must start ski jumping at an early age. There are exceptions, but practically every ski jumper who attains jumps of 200 feet or more began his career at about the age of five. He probably started on a pair of four-foot skis on a hill in his back yard. When he found that he could "stand" the hill, he built a little hump of snow at the bottom and jumped off it, maybe two or three-foot jumps.

This was the push that started

him on a long upward trail that advanced to bigger and better skis, to rubber binders, then leather straps, and finally steel cable bindings, and to jumps of 30, 50, and 100 feet. By the time he reached 16, he had standard eight-foot, 17-pound, three-groove hickory jumping skis, and was competing regularly on hills where jumps of 200 feet or more were being made. From then on, the time he had for practice determined his ultimate skill.

What does it feel like? Well, how does it feel to slam out a home run? How does it feel to sink a long putt? How does it feel to bowl a strike? The thrill is greater in ski jumping because of the longer training before a good jump is achieved.

The sensations of a ski jumper are intense. You step over the top of the slide and assume a low crouching position. You fix your eyes on the end of the chute. You shift your weight forward, and tense every muscle and nerve. Your

\*Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Co., 900 Fauquier Ave., St. Paul 6, Minn.

February, 1951.



concentration is so great that you are almost oblivious to the rush of air and sideboards of the chute as you pick up speed. Your eyes keep fixed on the take-off as you rush toward it. And at just the right split second, with all the energy in your highly keyed body, you launch yourself into space. The ground falls away below you and you find yourself seemingly suspended motionless 15 to 20 feet above the ground. You lay your body over, as close to being parallel with your skis as possible. You stretch from head to toe, as you glide back to the landing slope, where you flex your knees to take up the shock as your feet contact the ground. The glide, well controlled, provides the ultimate in thrills, a pleasing sensation surpassed in no other sport for pure enjoyment. It's a feeling of having met a challenge with which nature never intended you to cope.

Why do some jump farther than others? A good jumper on a large slide can vary the length of his jumps. Four factors determine your distance. One is your speed. This depends on proper waxing of the skis, and a low enough crouch to reduce wind resistance. The second factor is how hard you jump at the end of the take-off. Your jump compares with that of a standing broad jumper or a center on a basketball team. The more effort you put into it, the farther you go.

The third factor, probably the most important, is timing. Picture yourself traveling 50 miles an hour in a car, approaching a marked line across the pavement. Let's say you wish to remove your foot from the accelerator and put on the brakes so that the shoes just start to drag as you hit the line, not two inches in front of it nor two inches beyond it, but right on it. The problem of the ski jumper is the same. You have to start your spring enough ahead of the take-off so that the maximum lift of your spring occurs exactly as your feet are leaving the end of the jump. If you miss, that is, jump either early or late, both distance and form of your jump suffer greatly.

The fourth factor is position while flying through the air. Your skis must be close together and parallel, with the tips raised just slightly. Your body should be laying over forward, with a slight bend at the hips, so that from the waist up you are parallel with your skis. In this way, the pressure of the air gives a buoyant effect which carries you on down the hill. If your ski tips are too high, the winds push you back and you drop quickly to the landing, just as an airplane stalls. If your tips are too low, the wind gets on top of them, and forces you into the landing.

"Aren't you scared?" Ski jumping, when done under proper conditions of snow and wind, is not a dangerous sport. Many people

think nothing of climbing on a toboggan or sled and speeding completely out of control down an unfamiliar hill. Many recreational skiers take the same risks on hills filled with trees, rocks, and other inexperienced skiers.

The ski jumper, however, has a flat, smooth, specially prepared hill, free from obstacles. It is built for safety and ease of riding. No other skier will cross in his path or hinder his ride in any way. He has ridden the hill many times before or has seen others ride it, so he is

thoroughly familiar with it. Statistics show how few of the top jumpers ever suffered a broken bone while jumping.

There are risks involved, yes, and the skiers are aware of them. In basketball, baseball, and even in walking across the street people are cautious, but not scared in the usual sense. So it is with ski jumpers. Ski jumping is a clean, purely amateur, incorruptible sport, in which no one gets rich, and contestants thoroughly enjoy themselves trying to prove who is best.

### *Appreciation*

My Dear Soldiers of the UN Forces: KYUNGNAN GIRLS SCHOOL.

You come from foreign countries far beyond the ocean which the swallows cannot fly over.

You, tall soldiers, your names are quite different from ours. I think how hard it must be to fight against the barbarous troops of the Chinese communist.

Time and again I become almost tearful when I imagine how painful and exhausted you must feel fighting in the rocky mountains and against dusty winds blowing on the roads.

You dream of your home, sweet home, bright and warm. You are longing to meet, to embrace, dear ones of your family, daddy, mommy, wife and baby. Yes, I pray a thousand times that God may bless you and let you see again the faces of your sons and daughters at home.

May a free Korea, a mountainous and poor country, but where everybody can enjoy freedom under the clear blue sky, be brought to us. I thank God and pray that you chivalrous soldiers of the UN forces win the war and triumphantly go back home where your dear family is awaiting your return.

JUNG HAE JA

Quoted by the Richfield (Minn.) News (4 Oct. '51).

*Dad found he could play the trombone, and the  
rest of us tried to keep up with him*

## *Our Family Makes Music*

By CAROL HART SAYRE

Condensed from *Etude*\*



OUR FAMILY singing has led to an unusual idea for a Christmas present. It's a personal kind of present, a recording for grandmother, coming from the Sayre Singers and Orchestra.

The Sayre Singers and Orchestra is strictly a family affair. Daddy plays cornet and sings tenor. Fourteen-year-old Carol Jeanne is our clarinetist and alto singer. Billy, nine, toots the trombone and warbles soprano. Ruth, six, and Mary, five, join their sopranos to the chorus and look forward to instrumental study in a few years. When Billy's voice changes, we may even have a bass, thus rounding out the harmony. Mother is accompanist and director.

Our family possesses no unusual musical talent. My husband's experience, however, shows what can be done by an adult beginner. Although he has a good singing voice, he couldn't read music. He had never studied an instrument until last fall, when he became interested in Billy's trombone. One day, daddy curiously picked up the instru-

ment and blew on it. Pleased with the resulting blast, he went through the first lesson in his son's book, paying careful attention to the pictured directions.

This happened several weeks after Billy had begun his school lessons. Already his first flush of enthusiasm over the instrument had cooled, and when reminded that it was practice time, he was beginning to complain. A few days later, when Billy began his usual protest, his father took the trombone, saying slyly, "Let me show you something." Whereupon he played *Oats and Beans and Barley Grow* with only an occasional sour note.

Billy's eyes popped. "Gee, dad, that was neat. But just listen to this." And he tackled Lesson 4 with enthusiasm previously reserved for baseball. The practice problem was solved, at least temporarily.

Daddy found practicing both relaxing and enjoyable. In five months he finished half of the beginner's book, with Billy keeping just a jump ahead. The boy enjoyed help-

\*Bryn Mawr, Pa. October, 1951.

ing his father over tough spots, and chortled with glee whenever he could surpass him in quality of tone.

But what was the use of having two trombone players in the same family? Now that daddy had proved to himself that he could learn to play an instrument, perhaps he could switch to something else, thus helping form a family orchestra. We already had Carol Jeanne, who had been studying at school since the age of nine and now played first clarinet in the junior high band.

We consulted the school music teacher, who suggested a cornet or trumpet. Then we set out to find a good used instrument. Cornets proved to be much more plentiful than trumpets (probably due to the vogue for Harry James), and we had no difficulty in finding a good silver cornet through a want ad.

Our cornetist started over again with a new beginner's book. The notes he had learned for trombone didn't help at all, for he now played in the treble instead of the bass clef, but he could apply his new knowledge of musical terms and time. Soon he was performing *Oats and Beans* in quite recognizable fashion. Since the two beginner books paralleled each other, father and son began playing trombone-cornet duets, although Billy was now much farther along in his book.

The cost of instruments could

have been prohibitive, if we had insisted on new ones. A metal clarinet of good make may cost over \$100; we bought a used one some years ago for \$20. When our daughter became sufficiently advanced, we sold the old one for the same price and purchased a wood instrument in splendid condition for \$40. A new one would have cost almost \$200. A new cornet would have cost about the same, but a good second-hand one was \$35. Billy rents a school trombone for 50¢ a month. When his progress warrants an instrument of his own, we will watch the want ads again.

Before buying any used instrument, however, it is well to have it examined by a qualified person. Such an instrument may have defects not visible to an unpracticed eye. For example, a man offered me for \$10 a silver cornet that seemed to be in fair condition, except for a slight dent and a missing cork. But the school band instructor found the valves so worn that they could never be put in good playing condition.

Our two youngest daughters, five and six years old, look forward to instrumental study as soon as they are old enough. Ruth has her eye on a three-quarter size family violin. Mary has been picking out nursery tunes on the piano with one finger since she was four. If she continues to show interest, she can begin lessons in a year or so. Since our family orchestra already

### ***Jungle Rhythm***

On a recent trip to Ozamis City in the Philippines, Father Patrick Cashman, Columban missionary from Bayonne, N. J., was amazed to see a young fellow holding a sardine can, a wooden handle, a wire, and the neck of a broken bottle. He had the wire strung over the sardine can, attached to the wooden handle, and was sliding the neck of the bottle up and down the wire. Father Cashman could hardly believe his ears as he heard a beautiful rendition of *The Tennessee Waltz*.  
*Columban Mission News* (11 Oct. '51).

has a pianist, perhaps she can be vocal soloist.

We started recording about two years ago to fill the need for a special Christmas gift for grandmother. Since she was too far away to be with us, why not make her a record? Carol Jeanne drew up a list, and a family project was under way.

Every evening we practiced faithfully for a half hour with growing enthusiasm. Billy, who had begun to think singing "sissy stuff," became intrigued by the idea of hearing his voice on a record "just like Bing Crosby." He agreed to sing *Jolly Old Saint Nicholas* as a solo, and to join his older sister in a soprano-alto duet, *Joy to the World*. Ruth and Mary caroled *Away in a Manger*, and *Rudolph*. As his con-

tribution, daddy sang *Oh, Holy Night*, and Carol Jeanne played *Jesu Bambino* on the clarinet. For the final number the whole family joined in *Silent Night*.

We borrowed a recorder. Finding that we had misjudged the time (the numbers always seem to go faster than they do in rehearsal), we all took turns saying Christmas greetings at the end. Grandma said she liked the record even better than Bing Crosby's. So now the project is an annual one.

We found that recording is an excellent stimulus for laggard musicians. When the children slack in their practice, we suggest that with a little more application a certain number might be put on a record. And the tooting begins with renewed enthusiasm.

Besides stimulating instrumental practice, the Christmas recording also gave new impetus to our family singing. Every once in a while we get together after dinner for a family "jam session" around the piano. Soon we hope to make a folk-song record for our collection.

Any family can duplicate our experience. We are strictly amateurs. We never expect to appear at Carnegie Hall or to hear one of our records broadcast over the radio. But our music is enriching our lives and drawing us closer together as a family. Moreover, we doubt if even the Trapp Family as they play and sing together have any more fun.

By MARJORY COLLINS

## *Santa Claus in June*

*Bari, Italy, gained the bones of a popular saint nine centuries ago and celebrates the acquisition every year*

THESE PICTURES show the celebration of the feast of St. Nicholas at Bari, Italy, in early June. This is the same St. Nicholas who became our Santa Claus. You may well wonder why the people of Bari fete him in June.

St. Nicholas is one of the most popular saints in the Greek as well as the Latin Church. He is the patron of children, because of his devoted solicitude for the young. On his feast day, Dec. 6, St. Nicholas is credited with secret gifts Dutch, Swiss, and German children then receive. Dante, in his *Inferno*, tells of Nicholas rescuing three boys from drowning. Because of a legend of his having stopped a tempest at sea, St. Nicholas is patron saint of navigators. Merchants, bakers, travelers and others claim him.

Greece, the old kingdom of Naples, Sicily, Lorraine, the diocese of Liege, and even old Russia made him a patron. So did many cities, such as Moscow, and others in Italy,

Germany, Sicily, the Netherlands, Greece, and Switzerland.

Despite his popularity, most of what we know about St. Nicholas has not been corroborated. He was Bishop of Myra, in Greece, in the 4th century. Almost everything else about him is legend. This is true even of his birthplace. It is said to have been Parara, a city of Lycia, in Asia Minor. He is said to have been thrown into prison during the persecution of Diocletian, and released after the accession of Constantine. He is declared to have made pilgrimages to Egypt and Palestine, and to have been at the Council of Nice.

Our story and history follows his burial at Myra on Dec. 6, 345 or 352 A.D. Because of his great popularity in the Mediterranean, especially in Italy, three merchants of Bari, Italy, went to Myra in 1087. They had his bones unearthed and brought to Bari, where they are now under the cathedral. The burial ceremony at Bari occurred in June.



The statue of St. Nicholas is lifted aboard the schooner on its way beyond the horizon.





**Pilgrims from the surrounding country take part in a procession honoring St. Nicholas.**

Since then, the event is recalled each year by a celebration in which the statue of St. Nicholas goes on a mock sea voyage.

The procession starts at the city hall. From there, the mayor, city officials, the clergy, the members of the congregations of Bari, and pilgrims carry the statue of St. Nicholas through the streets and to the pier. Peasants come from miles around to watch the procession, and to thank the saint for favors. During the 2nd World War, the countryside near Bari was a No Man's Land between German and Allied forces, and the people believed that St. Nicholas helped pre-

serve them during those threatening days.

Enthusiastic spectators in rowboats crowd the harbor as the image of St. Nicholas is carried in a municipal fireboat to a schooner, decorated with flags and flowers. As the schooner sets sail across the blue-green Mediterranean, fireworks are launched into the sky.

This is only the preliminary. The



ship carrying St. Nicholas disappears over the horizon, and remains out of sight until nightfall. After the ship leaves, the people celebrate, on the water and at side shows along the city streets. Finally, when it is dark, the ship returns to the cheers of the people and more fireworks. The ceremony is now reversed: the statue is carried from the schooner on the mu-

nicipal barge, brought ashore, and carried through the town again. This symbolizes the translation of the saint's bones to Bari in the year 1087.

St. Nicholas is a popular saint in Rome, where 60 churches are dedicated to him. His feast day everywhere, except Bari, is on Dec. 6. At Christmas time, St. Nicholas is known in the U.S. as Santa Claus.



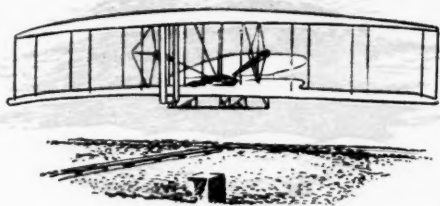
Rowboats cram the Bari harbor as thousands of people pay tribute to St. Nicholas, known here as Santa Claus.

*This is the story of the Wright brothers, told in part by Orville*

# Flying the First Plane

By FRED C. KELLY

Condensed from a book\*



**A**FTER glider flights in 1902, Wilbur and Orville Wright set to work in Dayton, Ohio, to carry out plans, begun at Kitty Hawk, for a power machine. They were sure they could calculate the performance of any machine they built.

They first sought a suitable engine. A steam engine might do. But a gasoline engine would be simpler and better. They had already built an air-cooled, one-cylinder gas engine to run the machinery of their small workshop. But they did not feel experienced enough to build the kind they now needed.

They wanted an eight-horsepower motor weighing, without accessories, not more than 20 pounds per horsepower. An automobile company might build one by reducing the weight of the flywheel and using more aluminum. In December, the Wright brothers wrote to automobile companies, and to gasoline motor manufacturers. They asked for a motor developing eight brake horsepower, weighing no more than

200 pounds. Most of the companies were too busy. They might have been afraid of the project. Their business prestige might suffer if they were known to believe in human flight.

The brothers finally decided that they would have to build the motor themselves. They planned one of four cylinders, of four-inch bore and four-inch stroke, weighing not more than 200 pounds. In final form, without magneto, it weighed 152 pounds; with accessories, 170. At 1,200 rpm, it developed 16 hp, but only for the first 15 seconds. After a minute or two it gave only 12 hp. They found out later that the engine should have provided about twice as much power.

The wings had a total span of about 40 feet. The wing surfaces were six feet apart. To reduce the danger of the engine falling on the pilot, it was placed on the lower wing, a little to right of center. The pilot would ride lying flat, as on the glider, but to the left of center, to balance the weight. To pre-

\*The Wright Brothers. Copyright 1950 by the author. Reprinted with permission of Farrar, Straus & Young, Inc., New York City. 340 pp. \$5.

vent the machine from rolling over in landing, the sledlike runners were extended farther out in front than on the glider. The two runners were 4'8" apart. The tail of the machine had twin movable vanes instead of a single vane as in the 1902 glider.

The Wrights left the propellers until last. They thought that part of the job would be easy. From wind-tunnel experiments, they were sure they could calculate exactly the thrust necessary to maintain flight. But a propeller with the needed thrust, from the available power, was a problem they had not considered. No data were available. The Wrights understood that an efficiency of 50% could be obtained with marine propellers. They need only learn the theory of propellers in books on marine engineering, then substitute air pressures for water pressures. What could be simpler? The brothers got several books from the Dayton public library. But they were little help.

When a propeller would not move a boat fast enough, marine engineers tried one larger, or of a different pitch, until it worked. They could not foresee what its performance would be. Exact knowledge of the action of the screw propeller, in use for a century, was still lacking. The Wright's propeller must do exactly what was expected. And they had neither the time nor money to carry on long experiments.

They knew a propeller was an airfoil traveling in a spiral course. They could calculate a straight course. Why not a spiral course? They reasoned, "The thrust depends upon the speed and angle at which the blade strikes the air; the angle at which the blade strikes the air depends upon the speed at which the propeller is turning, the speed the machine is traveling forward, and the speed at which the air is slipping backward; the slip of the air backward depends upon the thrust exerted by the propeller, and the amount of air acted upon." Where did one start?

Wilbur and Orville got into many arguments. Their habit of arguing technical points was one reason they accomplished all they did so quickly. Neither was a yes man. But in arguing about propellers a peculiar thing happened. "Often," Orville later reported, "after a heated argument, we discovered we were as far from agreement as when we started, but each had changed to the other's original position."

Months passed. The Wrights learned more about screw propellers than anyone before them. Finally, they believed they could design propellers of the right diameter, pitch, and area. They estimated that 305 revolutions would produce 100 pounds thrust. Later, actual measurement showed that 302 instead of 305 propeller turns were required, an error of less than 1%. The pro-

pellers delivered in useful work 66% of the power expended. That was about one-third more than either Maxim or Langley had ever attained.

The Wrights decided to use two propellers, to obtain a reaction against a greater quantity of air. They would also use a larger pitch angle. By having the propellers run in opposite directions, gyroscopic action would result. The propellers were on tubular shafts about 10 feet apart, driven by chains running over sprockets, as on a bicycle. The chains would run through guides to prevent slapping and to overcome undue stresses. By crossing one chain in a figure eight the propellers would turn in opposite directions.

Not until Sept. 23, 1903, was all ready. On the way to Kitty Hawk they discussed what they hoped to accomplish. Neither had the slightest doubt. Besides confidence they felt the exuberance of excellent physical condition. Orville was now 32 and Wilbur 36.

Plenty of delays must still be faced. A storm blew their camp near Kill Devil hill from its foundation posts. They repaired the shed and built a new one. They now had enough space for the 1902 glider and the power machine, and also a better workshop.

Three weeks were needed to assemble the new machine. Meanwhile, they flew the 1902 glider for practice. After a few trials each

brother made a new world's record by gliding more than a minute.

Early in November they made a first run of the power machine. An unexpected strain from backfiring twisted a propeller shaft and tore loose the crossarm to which the propeller was fastened. Both shafts were sent to the bicycle shop at Dayton.

Octave Chanute, a famous engineer, gave them something else to worry about. They must allow 20% in chain transmission for loss in power, he said. The Wrights had allowed only 5%. They were concerned. Who was right?

The brothers suspended one of the drive chains over a sprocket and hung a bag of sand at each end of the chain. By measuring the weight on one side needed to lift that on the other, they calculated the loss in transmission. The loss was even less than they had estimated.

The shafts returned from Dayton on Nov. 20. The sprockets, of opposite thread, kept coming loose. The brothers went to bed discouraged. The next day, however, they tried something they had learned in the bicycle business. They heated bicycle tire cement and poured it into the threads and screwed them together. There were no more loose sprockets.

Then bad weather set in. There was rain or snow for several days and a northerly wind of 25 to 30 miles an hour from the north. But



the Wrights were not idle. They made a mechanism to measure automatically the duration of a flight as well as the number of revolutions made by the motor and propeller.

They tested the strength of the wings, and the engine. On Nov. 28, they discovered that one of the recently strengthened tubular shafts had cracked! There was no time to trust to express service to Dayton. Orville went himself. It didn't take long to install the new propeller shafts he brought back. On Saturday, Dec. 12, the machine was again ready. But the wind was too light for a start from the level 60 feet of monorail track. Nor was there enough time before dark to take the machine to a near-by hill.

All day Sunday the Wrights just sat at the camp and read, hoping for suitable weather the next day. They were now particularly eager to avoid delay because they wished to be home by Christmas. If there should be a spell of bad wintry weather they might have to stay at Kitty Hawk for another two or three weeks.

On Monday, Dec. 14, the Wrights decided to attempt a flight from the side of Kill Devil hill. They had invited everyone living within five or six miles to see their first attempt. But they could not send word as to the exact time. A signal was put on one of the sheds visible at the Kill Devil Lifesaving station more than a mile away. The

lifesaving crew were on the lookout. A few men helped get the machine to the hillside. To drag the 750-pound machine, the Wrights set it on the monorail track, slid it along to the end of the 60-foot wooden rail, then added the rear section to the front end. They were thus able to run the machine on wheels all the way. The landing skids rested on a truck, a plank about six feet long, laid across a much smaller piece of wood to which were attached two small wheels, one in front of the other. Each was kept on the track by two vertical guides. The little wheels had ball bearings. They were modified hubs from wheels of a bicycle. The rail itself was a two-by-four, set on edge, with the upper surface covered by a thin strip of metal.

As soon as they reached the hill, the Wrights tossed a coin to determine which should fly first. Wilbur won the toss. The machine was fastened to the track by wire to prevent its moving until released by the operator. The motor was run for a few minutes to make sure it was working. Then Wilbur took his place.

Here is Orville Wright's account of what then happened. "I was at one of the wings, intending to help balance the machine. But it started off so quickly I could stay with it only a few feet. After a 35 to 40-foot run, it lifted. But it was allowed to turn up too much. It climbed a few feet, stalled, and then

landed near the foot of the hill, 105 feet below. It had been in the air just  $3\frac{1}{2}$  seconds. In landing, several parts were broken, but the damage was not serious. The experiment had demonstrated that our method of launching was safe and practical. We were much pleased.

"Two days were consumed in making repairs. During the night of Dec. 16 a strong and cold wind blew from the north. The next morning the puddles of water from recent rains were ice. The wind had a velocity of 22 to 27 mph. At 10 o'clock it was as brisk as ever. We decided to get the machine out and attempt a flight. We thought that by facing the flyer into a strong wind, there ought to be no trouble in launching it from the level ground about camp.

"We laid the track on a smooth stretch of ground. The biting wind made work difficult, and we had to warm up frequently in our living room. With the knowledge I have acquired, I would hardly think today of making my first flight on a strange machine in a 27-mile wind, even if I knew the plane had already been flown and was safe. I look now with amazement upon our audacity.

"Wilbur having used his turn, the right to the first trial now belonged to me. After running the motor a few minutes to heat it up, I released the wire and the machine started into the wind. Wilbur ran at the side, holding the wing to

balance it on the track. Unlike the first start in a calm, the machine, facing a 27-mile wind, started slowly. Wilbur was able to stay with it till it lifted from the track after a 40-foot run. A life-saving man snapped the camera for us, taking a picture as the machine had risen to about two feet.

"The course up and down was erratic, due to the irregularity of the air and to my lack of experience. The front rudder was balanced too near the center. This gave it a tendency to turn itself so that it turned too far one way or the other. As a result, the machine would rise suddenly to about ten feet, and then as suddenly dart for the ground. A sudden dart down about 120 feet beyond the point from which it rose ended the flight. The flight was equal to one of 540 feet in calm air. It lasted only 12 seconds. But it was the first in the history of the world.

"At 11:20 A.M. Wilbur started on the second flight. The course, like the first, was up and down. The speed over the ground was somewhat faster. The distance covered was about 75 feet greater. The third flight, 20 minutes later, was steadier than the first an hour before. But a sudden gust of wind ended it after a little over 200 feet.

"Wilbur started the fourth and last flight at noon. By the time 300 feet had been covered, the machine was under much better control. The course for the next 400 or 500 feet

had but little undulation. However, when out about 800 feet the machine began pitching again, and, struck the ground. The distance was 852 feet; the time 59 seconds. The frame supporting the front rudder was badly broken. We estimated it could be put in condition in a day or two.

"While we were discussing this flight, a sudden strong gust of wind struck the machine and began to turn it over. Everybody made a rush for it. Wilbur seized it in front. I tried to stop it at the rear uprights. All our efforts were in vain.

"The machine rolled over and over. The ribs were broken, the motor injured, and the chain guides badly bent. All possibility of further flights that year were at an end."

After preparing and eating their lunch, and then washing their dishes, Wilbur and Orville walked to the Kitty Hawk weather station, four or five miles away, in order

to send a telegram to their father.

Orville wrote out the following message. "Success four flights Thursday morning all against 21-mile wind started from level with engine power alone average speed through air 31 miles longest 59 seconds inform press home Christmas. Orville Wright."

Orville's telegram did not reach Dayton until 5:25 P.M. that evening. In transmission, 59 seconds had become 57, and the sender's name was spelled "Oevelle."

A brief statement with a copy of the message went to the Associated Press. Lorin Wright went to the office of the *Dayton Journal* and spoke to an AP representative. But that gentleman seemed annoyed over being expected to accept such a tale.

Without looking up from his work, he yawned, and said to Lorin, "Fifty-seven seconds, hey? If it had been 57 minutes, then it might have been a news item."

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*This is the story of the destruction of a pueblo  
under the cliffs in New Mexico*

## *The Last Days of Beautiful Village*

By DEVEREUX BUTCHER

Condensed from a book\*

*This account is based upon results of excavation work at Pueblo Bonito, in New Mexico, from 1921 to 1927. Excavation of the pueblo was described by Dr. Neil M. Judd in a number of articles published in the National Geographic Magazine during those years. Dr. Judd, leader of the National Geographic society's archeological explorations in Chaco Canyon National Monument, recently retired as curator of archeology, U.S. National museum, Smithsonian Institution. The turquoise necklace and ear pendants described in the story were uncovered by Dr. Judd. They are on exhibition in the reception room of the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.*

LEAVES-OF-SAGE made a line of tiny faltering footprints to the doorway of her ground-floor home. It was hot; and besides, Leaves-of-Sage was sad. Today she played alone. She was too young

to know why little Desert-Mist had not come out this morning. Desert-Mist, like many other little girls and boys, and men and women, too, during the past 100 years, had gone away from the village, never to return. The corn, beans, and squash, had not grown well. The rain god had been implored time and again, but still there was not enough rain. Even the springs were running dry. The hunters could not find enough deer or antelope to keep the village supplied with meat. That is why so many people had been drifting away from Beautiful Village and from the other villages in the canyon.

Life in Beautiful Village that day was going on as it had for many years. Southward-facing walls of the village were aglow with sunshine; north walls were in deep shade. Women ground corn and cooked, made pottery and repaired masonry. Men went hunting, tended crops, held meetings

\*Exploring Our National Parks and Monuments. Copyright, 1947, 1949, 1951 by the National Parks Association, publisher of National Parks Magazine, 1214 16th St., N. W., 42 Washington 6, D. C. Reprinted with permission. 286 pp. \$4.

in the deep-dug ceremonial kivas.

Leaves-of-Sage fretted, and her mother, Three-Willows, handed her a red macaw feather to play with. Birds and animals amused the children. Hunters brought them home: sometimes a squirrel, sometimes a hawk or eagle taken from the nest, and sometimes, most loved of all, a litter of fox or coyote pups dug from the den. Turkeys were more than pets. They were fed on corn, and grew big and fat. Macaws' plumage added a brilliant touch to the surrounding earth colors. Reaching Beautiful Village through trade, their bright feathers were used on prayer offerings. Decorative sea shells, too, came to the canyon through trade.

Leaves-of-Sage's two uncles, her mother's brothers, both sturdy young men, were making their way from their upper-story rooms. They strode along the terraces and descended a ladder to the compound. Leaves-of-Sage was watching them. One of them lifted her up, and all three entered Three-Willows' house.

Four other hunters appeared at the door. Night-Wind and Gray-Deer joined them in silence. The six climbed a ladder, and disappeared over the one-story dwellings along the south side of the compound.

Several generations earlier, the south side of the compound was open. When roving nomads sometimes crept in at night to steal, the

one-story buildings were built, but with a passage leading out. Then, when bands of nomads made sudden attacks, the passage was walled up, and access to the outside was by ladders over the dwellings. In times of danger, the outside ladder would be drawn up.

Leaves-of-Sage had watched the hunters vanish over the roofs. Then she toddled to her playthings in a low niche in the masonry wall. She placed the red macaw feather in the niche, and took out a doll made of cottonwood, dressed in a skirt of cedar bark.

Three-Willows went into a dark storeroom, and came back with corn. She shelled the corn into a little stone mealing bin at one side of the room, and ground it.

Three-Willows' home was immaculately clean. She swept the earthen floor daily. Clothing, skins, and woven material hung from pegs in the walls; utility objects were kept in niches. Pottery for cooking or storing food was arranged in tidy array near the mealing bin. From the center of the log ceiling hung a tuft of eagle feathers. Each home in the village had such a tuft to keep away bad spirits that brought illness and troubles.

The prized possession of Three-Willows was the six-strand necklace of turquoise beads and ear pendants given to her by Storm-in-the-Sunset when he chose her for his wife. The jewels were of

such exquisite workmanship that they were known to the people of the neighboring villages.

Like all the women of Beautiful Village, Three-Willows was boss of the home. Her husband, with the other men, held meetings in the kivas, and managed community affairs.

Storm-in-the-Sunset came home from the hunt. He and two other hunters had been gone three days. They had killed a deer. The meat was apportioned to as many as possible.

Storm-in-the-Sunset told Three-Willows that during the hunt he and his companions had seen more roaming men than usual. They were single or in small groups, and always sought to keep from view. Always, it seemed, they were traveling toward the canyon of Beautiful Village.

Three-Willows' pretty face showed terror. Memories came back. She knew what the news meant. Storm-in-the-Sunset rested a while longer, but he did not speak again. The day was waning. He went out and descended into one of the kivas, where other men

were gathered. Would there be an attack? When? The peace-loving people of Beautiful Village must prepare.

Raids had occurred since long before the earliest memories of the oldest living inhabitants; but now they were more frequent, more devastating. The nomads were taking advantage of the village's declining population.

The remaining daylight was spent in frenzied preparation. Bows and arrows designed for hunting were made ready. Quantities of rocks were piled at strategic places on roofs, where defenders would hide behind parapets. Stone axes were brought out. Valued possessions were moved from dwelling rooms into dark storerooms in the deep recesses of the village. The compound this evening was not bright with cheerful cooking fires. In the starlight, men moved swiftly. They strode across the compound, scaled ladders, crept along upper terraces. Gradually, activity ceased. Men crouched on roofs. Women, with their children, tossed restlessly on their blankets in the dwellings below.





Night-Wind and Gray-Deer came home. They reached the village with three sentinels, one from the watch tower atop the canyon's north rim, just behind the village, and two others who had ranged the canyon to bring warning of attack. All told of men moving into the canyon at several points, on trails leading toward the village.

Somewhere a signal was given, a call only faintly heard by the villagers. At that moment, men moved at a run toward the low south wall of the village. Shouting broke the silence and echoed up and down the canyon, announcing the raid to neighboring villages. The shrieking attackers swarmed up onto roofs. Arrows and rocks flew thick, and many Indians fell.

The attack was timed with the rising moon. When the assault reached its peak, the village and compound were flooded with moonlight. The nomads cleared the south roofs of defenders. Some were killed and others driven to positions along the higher terraces of the curved north side, or into the compound. Rocks and arrows rained upon the attackers, and stone axes were swung savagely in hand-to-hand combat. The attackers swarmed over the roofs and down into the compound in a swift advance. They moved toward doorways.

On the upper levels, people of the village were forced through doors and the struggle moved to

the interior. Inside, ladders led from upper dwellings to rooms below. The men of the village moved downward to the defense of women and children and supplies. To the groans of wounded men were added the screams of women and the crying of babies.

Storm-in-the-Sunset reached the storerooms adjoining his home. Here were Three-Willows and little Leaves-of-Sage. Storm-in-the-Sunset killed three attackers entering the room where his wife and child hid. Doorways being large enough to allow access of but one person at a time, he took each in turn. And Storm-in-the-Sunset, with knowledge of the rooms and their entrance, had the advantage. He moved into the next room, and thence into his dwelling. It was vacant for the moment. He looked out across the compound. Bodies plunged from terraces. An unmanned ladder rested against the south wall. Storm-in-the-Sunset would try to save his wife and child. He called Three-Willows. Carrying Leaves-of-Sage, she joined him at once. Taking the baby from her, and telling her to follow, Storm-in-the-Sunset sprang across the intervening space and up the ladder. He bounded across the narrow roof and dropped to the ground.

Three-Willows at last reached the ladder, but was seized by two attackers who dragged her into a near-by doorway. Storm-in-the-Sun-

set waited an instant at the foot of the outside wall.

Without Three-Willows to take Leaves-of-Sage, Storm-in-the-Sunset knew he could not go back. From the far canyon rim, he looked back at Beautiful Village. The fire in the compound still burned and the tiers of north dwellings glowed brightly in its ruddy light.

On an upper terrace, Gray-Deer fought with an attacker. Gray-Deer lifted his antagonist and hurled him into the compound. As he did so, he saw Night-Wind in the doorway of his sister's house, where, no doubt, he had sought Three-Willows. As Night-Wind stepped from the doorway, an arrow, shot from within, struck him low in the spine. Gray-Deer saw his brother reach back and tear the shaft loose. The flint head remained imbedded. The assailant leaped through the door and downed Night-Wind with an ax. Gray-Deer, dropping from above, dealt a death blow to his brother's killer.

The survivors of the village people were united on the higher roofs and in upper rooms. There the golden light of the rising sun shed its warmth upon them. When the

band of nomads departed, laden with food, jewelry, and other desired objects the villagers buried their dead. Graves were dug in ground-floor rooms. Gray-Deer buried the mutilated body of his sister under the floor of her own dwelling.

In the pitch-black darkness of the room where he found her body, the attacker did not see the turquoise necklace and ear pendants. They remained where they fell from Three-Willows' grasp during her struggle. And there they remained to be covered by centuries of wind-drifted sand and dust, while the walls of Beautiful Village crumbled to ruin.

Leaves-of-Sage would live. Some day her father would tell her the story of Beautiful Village. She would learn that it was the biggest, tallest town anywhere in all this vast land; that at one time, long ago, more than 1,000 people lived there together. And Storm-in-the-Sunset would tell her about her mother, that she was the most handsome woman of the village; and he would tell her about the six-strand necklace of turquoise and the turquoise ear pendants that went with it, and how he had given them to Three-Willows.

### *No Doubt*

**A**N agnostic visited another agnostic, to console him on his deathbed. "Stick to it, Tom," said the consoler. "Yes," gasped Tom, "but there's nothing to stick to!"

*Pulpit Digest.*

*Little things that should have happened and did happen made a great difference to some puzzled people*

## Return of a Negro Native

Condensed from the *Priest*\*

I CHOOSE to write anonymously, and to call the name of my birthplace "Fontenelle." My first memories of Fontenelle, Ark., include nothing about the Catholic Church. Perhaps a few white Catholics were there during my childhood, over 20 years ago, but I never heard anything about them. I feel sure that there were no Catholics of my own race.

My folks belonged to the African Methodist Episcopal church. I remember them as sincere, strict, puritanical churchgoers. Early in my childhood, my parents began to teach me about God and heaven. They made me study my Sunday-school booklet faithfully. I had to memorize verses from the Bible daily. Every night all the members of the family would gather in the living room to listen to my father read passages from Sacred Scripture. Their moral code, and the one by which they reared me, was a strict

one: no smoking, card-playing, nor dancing. Drinking intoxicants was among the worst of crimes.

I left Fontenelle before I reached my teens. My oldest sister had gone east to college. She married a doctor, settled down, and vowed never to return to the South again. My sister then took one of my younger sisters and me out of the South. In this Eastern city, I first attended a public school. However, when my sister decided that the students there were too rowdy, she had me transferred to a Catholic parochial school. Then trouble began.

My uncle, who lived in the same city, was an influential Negro leader. He blamed the Catholic Church for most of the injustices inflicted upon the Negro people. I shall never forget the afternoon my uncle was waiting for me outside the main entrance of the school. "You are coming to my house to live," he said; "you are not going back to that Cath-



\*Huntington, Ind. May, 1951.

olic school. They don't want Negroes in that white man's Church."

This statement stunned me. Later, in my adult years, I found this to be the sincere belief of many Negro people.

I was not happy with my uncle. I wanted to return to St. E's, a place I had learned to love. One day two kindly ladies came from St. E's to find out why I didn't come to school. He treated them rudely, and I decided to run away.

I went back to my sister's house. My uncle came over every day for a week to get me again, but whenever he came, my sister managed to have me away or hidden. Finally, he gave up, but left word that he never wished to see me again.

My happiness knew no bounds when I returned to St. E's. Shortly after I was graduated, I went on the stage. I had been studying dancing for several years.

As I grew older, religion became subordinated to my many other interests. As an entertainer, I came into contact with many different types of people. Most of them had little or no religion. But I found myself still saying the prayers I had learned as a child. I still made the Sign of the Cross.

In Brazil, I first gave serious thought to becoming a Catholic. A Catholic friend, noticing that I always made the Sign of the Cross before going on the stage, remarked one day, "I didn't know that you were Catholic."

"I am not," I said. Then I told him a little of my background.

He took me on a tour of the churches. He taught me many things that I did not know. In spite of my years at St. E's, his was my first invitation to come into the true fold. His last remark to me as I was preparing to leave South America was, "I hope that when we meet again, you will be a fellow Catholic." That was a long time ago. I haven't seen him since, but when we do meet again, I will be able to say, "I am not only a Catholic, but also a priest."

I began to think more and more about becoming a Catholic. I talked it over with my sister. She said I was old enough to know my own mind. I made my decision, but it was quite a setback to discover that, because I was a minor, no priest could baptize me without my parents' consent. That consent was not easily obtained. It took two years.

Immediately after my Baptism, I began my studies for the priesthood. While still at the seminary, I returned to Fontenelle to attend the funeral of a very dear aunt. Mixed with the feeling of sorrow at the passing of my aunt were emotions of fear and indignation at what lay ahead of me in the South. I was curious about what my reaction would be after being away for so long. How would I feel when I saw the visible signs of segregation again? I told myself that, "this is certainly the last time."

It is the privilege of every man to change his mind. I changed mine. My change of attitude was brought about by two incidents. To my surprise, I saw a car drive up to my aunt's house, and a nun and another woman, both white, got out. "We heard that a seminarian was here," they said, "and we came over here to visit with you."

This little incident will not mean anything to you unless you understand the South. You must know the reactions such an act would cause in the minds of southern Negro people. You must know about the complexities of prejudice, segregation, and southern taboos. The observation later of a Negro woman expresses clearly the thoughts incited by this incident. She remarked, "I wonder how many white women would come to visit a colored boy who was studying for the Baptist or Methodist ministry." To that nun, and that woman who accompanied her, the visit was probably just a visit, but in their kindness they not only proved themselves true Catholics, but unwittingly made a great point for the Church.

The other incident happened one evening when some friends were driving me to a near-by town to visit a childhood acquaintance. I knew that we would have to pass

a monastery on the way. I asked the driver to stop.

"Why do you want to stop there?" he asked. "There are no colored people there."

"I know," I replied, "but they are Catholic, and I've always wanted to visit that abbey."

I had to insist most emphatically before I could get him to stop. When he drew up to the door, he said, "This is as far as I'm going. You'll have to go in alone. You'll never get me into that white man's place."

A few minutes after I entered the monastery, I came out again. I was told later the remarks made by my friends before I reached the car. One lady said, "I knew it! They've kicked that boy out already!" Another, "He should never have gone into that place." The man, "Come on, let's get away from here." Imagine their surprise when I walked leisurely up to the car, and said, "Father wishes all of you to come in." For a while, they couldn't say a word. Finally I persuaded them to go in.

The cordiality we were shown was that of Christ. We were not black or brown men and women, but human beings made in the image and likeness of God. We were guided through the monastery, offered dinner, and shown other kindnesses. After more than

**Employees of Richman Brothers Clothing Co. in Cleveland wanted to say the Rosary publicly every day. They asked the president, George Richman, for permission. Mr. Richman, a Jew, agreed, and provided a space for a statue of Our Lady.**

*Precious Blood Messenger (October '51).*

an hour of a delightful evening, we, ourselves, suggested that it was time for us to go. We were not permitted to leave without promise of a return.

That visit was the only topic of conversation for my friends the rest of the night. They are probably still talking about it. He who said most vehemently that he wouldn't go in that "white man's place" now maintains that he is going back again as soon as possible. I hope he does. I hope that soon he, and others, will discover, that it is not a "white man's place," but Christ's place.

These incidents may seem small, but what if that Sister and the other

lady had not come to see me? What if we had been turned away from the door of the monastery? For one thing, I probably would have kept the promise I made to myself never to go South again. But the most serious result would have been that more souls would have been pushed farther from the Church. Those were two times when I was really proud of my fellow Catholics.

The fact that Fontenelle now has a Catholic church (white), a priest, a school, and Sisters took me by surprise. Some day, I hope, Fontenelle will offer the advantages of the faith to the colored as well as the white.

### *Economical . . .*

**MAO TSE-TUNG** has waged war with equal fury on the United Nations forces in Korea and on his people at home.

Mao's killers concentrate on landlords. By the communist yardstick, any man who owns ten *mu* ( $\frac{1}{6}$  of an acre) is a landlord. In a poor country where bullets are scarce the usual punishment is burial alive. If you wish to be shot you need influence. Victims with "influence" (and cash) can arrange their execution, usually in groups of four, like this. The men squat and a board is placed on their heads to get them all on the same level. Then the firing of one burst kills all four. The families of the dead must pay for the bullets.

*Pathfinder* (7 Oct. '51).

### *. . . Killers*

**THE** ancient circular Roman church, San Stefano Rotondo, has been closed for a year. Eventually the weak walls may be strengthened so that visitors to Rome can see its unique treasures. Among them is a series of 18th-century murals. With almost offensive realism, they portray the means by which torture was inflicted in different ages. One of the torture routines is missing, however. By strange coincidence, the cardinal whose coat of arms hangs above the door of this, his titular church, is Joseph Mindszenty, Primate of Hungary. He was tortured by a new and scientific method. His coat of arms continues in symbol the dreadful history of torture painted on the walls of his church.

John Waldron.



*The varmints will come to be killed if you make them think you are a dying rabbit*



## Calling all Coyotes

By JOE HEFLIN SMITH

Condensed from  
*Field & Stream*\*

**C**ECIL L. FOX is a sharp-eyed game warden for the Texas Game, Fish, and Oyster commission. When he told me one cold morning in a Texas cafe that he calls coyotes to him by the dozens, I started laughing.

I thought that I knew a thing or two about coyotes. I grew up on stories of how cagey the coyote is. So when Fox started telling me how he goes to a nice warm spot, gets in a comfortable position, takes out a hard-rubber duck call, and starts a stampede of coyotes toward him, I stuck out an ear.

The coyote is crafty. He's quick as lightning, with one of the keenest scents in the animal kingdom. He knows plenty about the art of staying alive. For the past 50 years ranchmen and outdoorsmen in the Western part of the U.S. have chased him, shot him, poisoned him, trapped him, and cussed him, but the coyote remains the stockman's No. 1 enemy.

"I know you don't believe me," Fox laughed as he paid his check,

"but if you'll come to Spur I'll show you just how I call them in."

A few weeks later I wrote him, asking when I could hunt with him. He called and told me where to meet him early the next morning. At the appointed time, Emil Dettmann and I found Cecil in a restaurant reading the late football scores over coffee and a short stack. We joined him.

"I certainly hope the wind doesn't blow today," he said. "It's hard to call in the wind. I can get 'em up, but when they get a whiff of a human they're gone."

A few minutes later he pushed back his plate, lit his pipe, and looked at me. "You better get a brown cap," he suggested. "Coyotes will see that cowboy hat for five miles."

"How did you ever happen to start calling coyotes and other wild game?" I asked him.

"I got the idea from a government trapper on the Pitchfork ranch," he answered. "This fellow had made a call out of a screw-

driver, and was having a certain amount of luck with it. He convinced me that calling animals could be successful with a call that would imitate the squeal of a dying rabbit.

"I tried various calls with little luck until I finally ran across this hard-rubber duck call. I soon learned that I could imitate the dying rabbit, but that it would take a lot of practice. I spent a year with the call before I felt it was a sure thing and that I could call 'em up any time I wanted to. Since 1944 I have called and killed hundreds of coyotes, dozens of bobcats, and scores of hawks.

"Speaking of hawks," he went on, "one time I was well hidden behind a large rock calling coyotes. I had made two calls when I heard a swish and felt something hit the back of my head. My cap was snatched away and I looked up in time to see a blue darter hawk making off with it. He dropped it when he learned it wasn't a rabbit."

By this time we were out on the highway. Fox stopped the car, got out his call, and gave us a few sample toots. Although it was supposed to sound like a dying rabbit, to me it sounded like a combination of a pig caught in a crack and a wild-eyed sophomore screaming at the homecoming game.

Fox stationed Emil on the south side of a hill, and motioned me to sit on a rock near a cedar bush; he sat down on a narrow ledge.

After assuming his position, he got his gun ready and reached into his pocket for the duck call. He looked to see that we were ready, and slowly put the call to his mouth.

He made the first call, and waited. Nothing happened. He made a second call. Suddenly he whispered, "See 'em down there in the valley?"

I looked and saw two full-grown coyotes coming straight toward us at a dead run. It was a good race. First, one was in the lead and then the other. I saw Cecil grip his .22-250 varmint rifle. When the coyotes came to within 75 yards of us, they stopped and turned. I expected them to run, but they trotted in a small circle. Cecil fired at the one on the left, and we heard a howl as they broke into the tall grass.

"They smelled us," Fox said. "Too much wind. I didn't get him."

We went back to the car, and started driving south. "It's amusing to watch coyotes come toward the call," Cecil laughed. "At times they come to within ten or 20 feet of me, stop, and look all around. Then, all at once, they break toward me with all the speed they've got. At other times, if there's two or more, they stop and snap at each other before coming on. The female will always honor the male in a race for food. She may be ahead of him, but just before they arrive she slows down and lets him come on first.

"But a coyote, either male or female, will always honor a bobcat. I've had both a coyote and a bobcat coming at me more than once, and the coyote always lets the bobcat in first.

"The ideal day for coyote calling," Fox explained, "is when a light snow has melted off, leaving the ground moist. Then, if the wind leaves you alone, you will have a perfect day.

"We find," he went on, "that the best time for calling, other things being equal, is from about the middle of January to around May 1. During that period they are rutting, and the dogs run in large packs. Also, they are hungrier at that time than at any other."

"I read not long ago," I told Fox, "where a man doubts that coyotes will kill baby calves. What do you think about it?"

"I know they do," he answered. "I can name rancher friends who know it also. There's no doubt about it.

"That's another reason why we hunt them," he continued. "Coyotes are on the increase here in Texas. The damage done each year by coyotes is staggering. They constantly prey on calves, poultry, and weak animals. They rob quail nests and eat baby quail soon after they are hatched.

"We have tried every way we can think of to increase our chances against them. A high knoll with open country around it is the best

place from which to call. You have to be absolutely still, because the coyotes can see the slightest movement for several hundred yards. It's a good idea to carry cough drops to be sure that you don't cough. They can hear a slight noise for a mile. There's more to it than you would think, but anyone willing to practice, and to study the habits of coyotes, can learn to call them."

Just as the sun came up we stopped at the edge of a small field. The plot of ground was square and completely bare. "Behind those terraces will be a good place to lie," Fox pointed out. He stationed Emil behind a terrace near the north fence. Then he motioned me to squat behind the next bank of dirt, some 75 feet away. He went on down the terrace from me about 60 yards. We hoped that the coyotes would come across the field at right angles—I wanted a shot with my camera.

"You can never tell which way they'll come," our host drawled. "They come from where they happen to be."

When we were settled, Cecil made a call. I was looking across the field when I saw him spring to his feet. Then I saw the coyote. It had come in from behind us and was running between Emil and me. Emil was afraid to shoot. When Mr. Coyote crossed the last terrace near the far edge of the field, Fox rolled him at about 100 yards.

By this time I was thoroughly convinced that Cecil Fox knows a thing or two about calling coyotes. But the incident that was to clinch this belief beyond all doubt happened a few hours later.

We had driven to another farm completely surrounded with mesquite trees. Cecil crawled to the center of the bare field. There was nothing around him. He called only once, and I saw a coyote hop

into the field and stop on the far side. Fox made another faint call, and the coyote ran straight toward the fake rabbit. He ran straight to within 30 yards of the man waiting to shoot him.

When the tall grass began to ripple in a still breeze, and windmills started turning, we knew the hunt was over. With the wind to help the coyote, even our new tricks wouldn't fool another one.

### *This Struck Me*

*Wearily I laid aside my copy of the New York Times. It was late at night. I had just finished reading the detailed report of the proceedings at the UN. The tedious wrangling, the confusion of statesmen seeking fixed norms, the absence of agreed objectives, the unending invocation of the word "peace" merely as a propaganda shibboleth: all this depressed me. If only one man in that vast assemblage had the capacity to state the fundamental issue! Deciding to rise above the welter of such mediocrity, I snatched a book from the case. I opened it haphazardly and was confronted with this passage in St. Augustine's City of God (Book XIX, Section 20).*

SINCE, then, the supreme good of the city of God is perfect and eternal peace, not such as mortals pass into and out of by birth and death, but the peace of freedom from all evil, in which the immortals ever abide, who can deny that future life is more blessed, or that, in comparison with it, this life which we now live is most wretched, be it filled with all blessings of body and soul and external things? And yet, if any man uses this life with reference to that other which he ardently loves and confidently hopes for, he may well be called even now blessed, though not in reality so much as in hope. But the actual possession of the happiness of this life, without the hope of what is beyond, is but a false happiness and profound misery. For the true blessings of the soul are not now enjoyed; for that is no true wisdom which does not direct all its prudent observations, manly actions, virtuous self-restraint, and just arrangements, to that end in which God shall be all in all, in a secure eternity and perfect peace.

[For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. It will be impossible to return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.—Ed.]

*How one woman wrung recognition of the Almighty from local administrators*

## *The Name of God in Public Schools*

By CATHERINE B. CLEARY

Condensed from *America*\*

*This is an inspiring and significant example of what one person, fired with love of God and country, can do. It certainly merits the \$100 Christopher award for November. The accomplishment, small in one sense, may have far-reaching results. Think of the possibilities if 100,000 other Americans would each work as hard to put the name of God into just one school.*

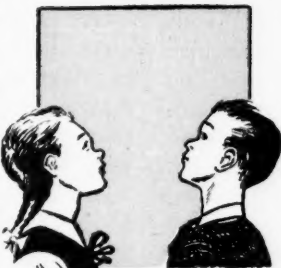
*Christopher News Notes (Nov. '51).*

ONE night I awoke and began to think about our new \$3-million junior high school. I thought of all its wonderful modern equipment. I wondered also if there was any recognition of God in the school. That was in February, 1950.

After breakfast, I left my preschool children with a friend, and went over to the school. I met the principal, who seemed very glad to show me through. The second room he showed me was the consultant's office. He said they had one consultant, and needed two. He laid

much stress upon the need for another consultant because of the many youth problems now encountered. At this point I asked him how they started out the day. He answered that they did nothing, except that on Wednesdays, when they had assembly, they saluted the flag. He added that in some of the schools they either said an Our Father or saluted the flag, depending upon the teacher in the home room.

When I asked whether there was any visible sign recognizing God in the school, he smiled. He said it would be hard to get all faiths to agree on one phrase. A group in Washington had been trying for the past year to solve the problem, he said. Here was my chance. One phrase has tremendous meaning to me. In all my life I have never heard anyone object to it. Why not use the words found on all coins, "In God We Trust"?



### **Origin of Motto**

The first "In God We Trust" inscriptions appeared in 1863 on the now extinct 2¢ coins. Rev. M. R. Watkinson, Ridgelyville, Pa., wrote Secretary of the Treasury Salmon P. Chase, about his concern over the godless coin mottoes then in use. One of them was "Mind Your Own Business."

Chase, in turn, wrote James Pollock, director of the Philadelphia mint, "No nation can be strong except in the strength of God, or safe except in His defense. The trust of our people in God should be declared on our national coins." Pollock suggested two slogans, "Our Country; Our God," and "God Our Trust." Chase revised the second.

"In God We Trust" was not exactly original. Variations occur in the Scriptures. Francis Scott Key in the 4th stanza of *The Star-Spangled Banner*, wrote, "And this be our motto, 'In God is our trust.'"

Harold Helfer.

I suggested that a plaque with this motto be placed in the entrance or auditorium of the school. The children could see it daily, and associate it with their education. He didn't know how it could be done. I returned home firmly resolved to try to do something about it. Why should there not be plaques in all 18 Stamford, Conn., public schools?

This seemed something that the mothers should be vitally concerned with. I went first to see the president of the Council of Churchwomen, which comprises the Protestant denominations in our community. I invited her to my home. She was enthusiastic, and said she would present the idea at the council's next meeting. During the next month I was notified that the council approved the idea.

I next got an invitation to speak to the Catholic group. This group also thought the idea was good.

The next day, while picking the children up at school, I met one of the mothers who had been at the meeting the night before. Naturally, I was hoping she would make some comment. To my surprise, she said only that I had "the gift of gab." She was the wife of an official in the school system, and should have been interested. At a dance the next week, I met a school-board member. He said I had a good thought, but that the school board would treat it like a hot potato. I wouldn't get very far with it, he said.

One of our most prominent ministers thought my idea was excellent. Yet, when I contacted him at a later date he had experienced a change of heart. He told me I was worrying about nothing.

A rabbi said I was making much ado about nothing. He felt the matter rested with the school board, and would be the last one to inter-



fere. Another rabbi thought the idea wonderful, and said he would do anything he could to help me. A priest thought likewise, but said the project would take much time and courage.

I spoke to three more local women's groups. (This is where the courage came in, I discovered.) The first endorsed the project heartily, but did nothing to push it. The second group listened attentively, but a woman who declared she was an atheist asked me, "How about the people who don't believe in God?"

I next spoke at a Communion breakfast. The toastmistress introduced me as a young member of their group who was active in community affairs and was a member of the local Board of Representatives, the legislative body of our community. Here was my chance! Here I could reach 500 women who just received Communion, the perfect exemplification of belief in God. However, I got only polite congratulations from my friends.

The week passed. No response came from those people. Two weeks later I received a letter from a lady who said she had been stirred, and offered her support. Here I had in my hand the one lone offer of help.

"What is wrong with people?" I asked myself. In the past year I had been in contact with more than 1,000 in our community, all active within their own religious groups,

### *And His Image*

In Durant, Okla., Miss Ora O'Riley, a native Choctaw Indian, has been working since 1948 to place a picture of Christ in every home, school, business office, and public building. Two business firms started the plan last year. Today, there is a picture of Christ above the judge's bench in the district court room, in several public schools, and in almost all of the business offices. Also, most of the homes in Durant display a picture of Christ.

and supposedly furthering their beliefs. Here was an opportunity for them to take part jointly in a good move. But no one came forth. If I had been instigating a bridge party or fashion show, I would have had too many clamoring to head the committee. But, with something concrete and very worth while in my mind, I could count on one hand the people who gave even moral support. No one was openly against my project, but no one would take a stand to further it.

After a year of getting nowhere, I decided to present to the Board of Representatives a resolution calling for installation of the plaques. I knew that unanimous approval from this board would represent the wishes of the community and exert a powerful influence upon the Board of Education.

I shall never forget the evening of Dec. 4, 1950. I had my resolution ready, and was prepared to present it and argue it from every angle. But our clerk was absent from that meeting and I was elected to fill her place. That took me off the floor and meant that I was to be deprived of the privilege of presenting my own idea. However, I requested the opportunity to explain the thoughts behind the resolution. Costs involved were discussed; the motion was put to a vote. Though some members may not have heartily approved, they dared not oppose such an American motto.

It was now in the lap of the Board of Education. That board, after a month of deliberation, accepted it with the proviso that the plaques must be of bronze and that there be a special appropriation of \$1,000 for them. But bronze would be frozen within the next week, and the appropriations board was neither in the mood to appropriate nor had a meeting scheduled

before the freeze would go into effect. It looked as if my project might be put in cold storage.

Why all these specifications? Couldn't the plaques be in wood or cement or any of the other materials that were easy to get? I would have settled for cardboard plaques, as long as they brought the name of God into our schools.

Four more months passed. I kept wondering how to keep the project alive. Then out of a clear sky one night, a member of the appropriations board blasted the superintendent of schools for his procrastinating tactics. He added that until the directive from the Board of Representatives was carried out, he, for one, would approve nothing further for the Board of Education.

This did it. Within a matter of days the plaques were ordered, and during the summer were installed in every public school in our city. It took a year and a half to get the name of God on the walls of our schools.

## Christmas

In Venezuela, the Christmas season is considered especially suitable for Baptisms. I happened to pass the cathedral just as a baptismal procession emerged from one of the great bronze doors. My companion,



## Greetings

a Venezuelan, lifted his hat and smiled. "This season will result in a great many new Christians," he said in a pleased voice.

Francis Parkinson Keyes  
(N.C.W.C. 25 Dec. '50).

*If you are outside the immediate area, here is what you can do to  
reduce injuries and loss*

# Survive the A-Bomb!

By CAPT. BURR W. LEYSON

Condensed from a book\*

**D**EATHS and injuries from an atomic attack result from burns, blast effect, and nuclear radiation. Radiation is responsible for some 15% of fatalities. Burns account for more than 50%.

If your house is near an important industrial center, a vital link such as a key bridge or rail center, or a group of important buildings, the danger will be greater. These are focal points for attack on any city. The suburbs and essentially residential districts are in fringe areas. So far, the atom bomb is designed for use only against major targets of wide area. Its expenditure against lesser ones cannot be justified from a military standpoint.

Assume that your home is one and one-half miles from the point the bomb hits. At this distance from the burst of an atomic bomb of 20,000 tons TNT equivalent, the home will be subjected to a blast effect of 2.9 pounds to the square inch overpressure. This means that every square foot of exposed surface will carry a load of 417.6 pounds. Further, winds of 100 mph will accompany the shock front and

require 1.12 seconds to pass you. This is enough to enfold your home completely and, if it withstands the first blow, to apply this tremendous loading on all sides. Before the shock wave comes (it travels at first with tremendous speed but slows with distance), the thermal radiation will strike. In a small fraction of a second, intense heat will strike. It will pass as quickly. But it will be enough to scorch your shrubbery and ignite dry wood.

The shock front will shatter all your windows, and their frames will be broken. The doors will be blown off. The roof may go. If your home is strong, it may withstand the blast. If it has many windows and doors they will relieve pressure.

Even if your home does not collapse, it will be damaged severely. Brick walls will crack. Wooden frames will be twisted and weakened. The effect of the blast entering the home will probably wreck light partitioning. All plastering will be cracked badly and much of it thrown down. Ceilings and light fixtures will fall and furnish-

\*Atomic Energy in War and Peace. Copyright, 1951, and reprinted with permission of E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York City. 217 pp. \$3.75.

ings will be thrown about. Electrical wiring may break and start fires.

If you live two miles from the point the bomb hits, it will shatter all your windows and drive the glass inside. The frames will suffer. So will the doors. Plaster will crack and fall. The radiant heat will ignite all combustible materials as at the mile-and-a-half point. But the overpressure will drop to two pounds to the square inch or 288 pounds to the square foot. The accompanying winds of the shock front will be around 70 miles an hour and the front will take 1.23 seconds to pass you.

If your home is two and a half miles from ground zero (the bomb-impact spot) you may expect complete window breakage, damage to window frames and doors, but only moderate plaster damage. The overpressure will exert one and a half pounds to the square inch, or 216 pounds to the square foot. The winds will blow only 50 miles an hour, and the radiant heat will not ignite dry wood. You are in the area of moderate damage. From here out to eight miles the damage drops sharply. Beyond eight miles it breaks only windows.

Shortly after the first bursts, expect widespread fires. In an area up to two miles, combustible materials will ignite. Short circuits, broken gas lines, and wrecked heating plants will cause major fires. This is why burn casualties are so high. Thermal radiation caused burns as

far out as 12,200 feet at Nagasaki and 11,000 feet at Hiroshima.

You alone can do little against a general conflagration. Fire fighting must be organized. But you yourself can do much to curtail fire hazards. Two common sources of fires are short circuits in the electrical system and broken gas pipes. So all members of your family should know where to find the main electric switch in your home. Locate and mark the valve shutting off the gas supply. At the instant of a raid warning, one member, after alerting the family, should pull out the main electric switch and turn off the main gas valve. If you have a coal fire, it is best to put it out. Any potential fire hazard is greatly increased when a house collapses.

If there is sufficient advance warning, you can do much to reduce the subsequent damage if your home is in the fringe area. If it is near the center of the attack, you can do little.

Grounds should be cleared of everything that easily catches fire, such as dry leaves. If you have fabric awnings, take them down. Put away light porch furniture. Shattered fragments become missiles and add to the damage as well as the fire hazard.

One great hazard is from flying glass. In both Hiroshima and Nagasaki, casualties were numerous from this cause, especially in outer fringe districts. Windows were

shattered as far as eight miles from the blast, but the danger is in a far closer area. Where the blast of the shock front is fairly strong, around one and a half pounds to the square inch and more, and winds of 50 miles an hour are blowing, glass becomes dangerous. The greater the overpressure of the shock front and the strength of winds the more dangerous do glass fragments become. Thousands of casualties in the Japanese cities had small fragments of glass driven an inch into the flesh. Larger pieces pierced deeper.

Unfortunately, criss-cross strips of tape on windows are not as effective against atom bombs as against conventional bombing. The atomic blast lasts longer, and the accompanying winds blow much harder over a wider area. Little can be done to reduce the hazard from flying glass, short of removing the glass entirely. Some defense authorities in England, where civilian defense is on a sound basis, suggest that you replace glass with plastic materials which will not shatter. However, time and cost may forbid this. You can best avoid glass fragments in a sudden attack by falling flat on the floor when the brilliant illumination of the fire ball is first evident. The shock front follows.

Begin your advance preparations in the attic and end them in the cellar. Most of us use the attic to store odds and ends. Their weight

becomes a hazard when stresses on the frame of the house thrust it laterally as well as downward. Then the attic load may collapse the house.

Very heavy material is best stored in the basement during emergency. You should also keep the attic cleared so that you can get to the roof in case of fires there.

Remove all light curtains and drapes, especially of dark coloring, from windows. The black curtains used in the 1st World War as blackout curtains are a danger. Black and all dark-colored materials absorb thermal radiation and are ignited far more readily than light-colored materials. If you use dark blackout curtains, they should be made of some thoroughly fireproofed material. Materials merely fire-resistant can ignite, and although they do not flame freely, they burn much as an ember glows. They ignite other things. As they will be subjected to thermal radiation before the shock front comes, there is danger of their being scattered into the interior when windows are driven in. Remove Venetian blinds, even if metal and fireproof, unless they are of exceptionally strong construction. They might stop fragments of glass, but they themselves can be dangerous missiles.

Strong shutters over windows have been suggested. If you live in an area where overpressures are small this would be practical. How-

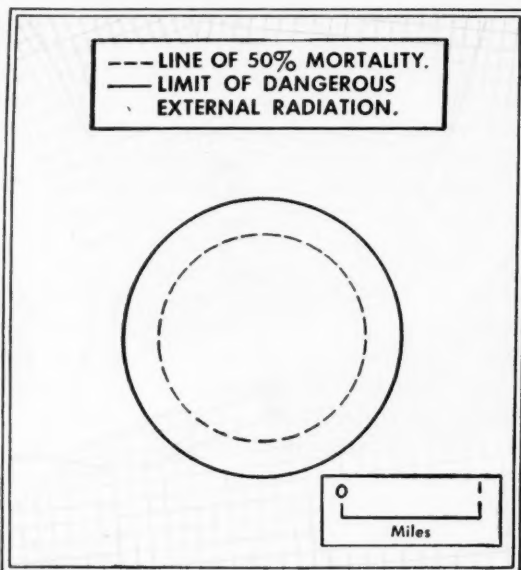
ever, high overpressures might collapse shuttered homes. The fronts of the buildings would then present a solid surface. In addition, since you have no certainty of the direction from which the blast may strike, shutter protection of sufficient strength on all sides would be costly.

Your basement affords a maximum of shelter, particularly close to the walls. Since your family may have to rush to it in darkness, keep it clear. Free access from the first floor to the area where shelter is to be taken is essential. Never obstruct this route. If you build no special shelter, have a supply of food and water at hand in case the family is trapped.

We have not considered the areas within less than one and a half miles from ground zero. Within this area any residential construction will be destroyed unless by fortunate chance. Overpressures developed at one and a quarter miles will severely damage steel frame buildings and crack nine-inch brick walls, and the radiant heat will be so intense that tiles will bubble on roofs, their surfaces melted. At one mile, light commercial concrete buildings, far heavier than residential construction, and multi-story brick buildings will be complete-

ly destroyed. From this point to ground zero, devastation will be complete. Yet your survival in this area is not only possible but probable if your shelter is sufficient. Providential shelter provided by deep basements and underground passages saved many in Nagasaki and Hiroshima.

An additional factor in this area is nuclear radiation. At one-and-a-quarter miles, radiation effects are less than 100 Roentgens (unit of X-ray measurement), the minimum degree considered dangerous. At approximately one mile the 100-Roentgen dosage begins. The rate mounts rapidly from this point inwards. At 4,200 feet occurs the median lethal dose of 400 Roentgens, with 50% mortalities. At





3,500 feet the dosage is lethal to 100% of those fully exposed. However, full exposure at these distances means that if you are not killed by radiation you most certainly will be killed by blast or thermal effects. In the one-and-a-half-mile minimum distance the nuclear radiations are not a formidable hazard. In the basement of a home, hazards can be discounted entirely for atomic bombs of 20,000 tons TNT equivalent.

Naturally, your foremost thought is of a shelter. Cost is an important factor, for our civilian defense set-up will probably not build standardized shelters like the British did during the 2nd World War. Shelters, except within the critical inner mile, can be effective and inexpensive. Within one mile, need for both strength and shielding mounts steadily. What is adequate in the average suburban area at least a mile from ground zero?

Your basement is below ground level and interposes a considerable depth of earth to radiation or blast. Further, it probably is of concrete. This material has great strength to resist blast and shields against radiation. Your basement offers great possibilities. Unfortunately it also has great hazards. If your home collapses and fire sweeps the district, anyone trapped in the basement would almost certainly become a casualty. Yet, if nothing better is available, it is probably the best shelter in the home.

Overhead protection must be strong so that if the home collapses those below will not be pinned by wreckage.

Overhead protection can be cheaply effected by shoring up a section of your basement ceiling near the wall. The site should be near the exit but not so near as to admit blast effect. Brace the ceiling with closely set two-by-fours or heavier timbers, set edgewise and cross-braced to prevent their turning and dropping flat. Set these braces, in turn, securely on posts set firmly into the floor. The shoring should be carried out at least eight to ten feet from the wall and extended a sufficient distance laterally along the wall to provide adequate space for shelter for everyone. Keep containers of water and a supply of food in the shelter at all times. After an attack, you can expect failure of the water supply. The attack will demolish stores and cut off the food supply.

Also, a second and sure exit should exist in addition to that normally provided by the stairway. This exit should lead through an underground passage to the open, clear of the home. Because of the expense, most of us could not afford this.

You can build the best and safest shelter in the yard, at the least cost. This is of the sunken type. You need not make it of great depth, although the deeper the better if the walls are shored. The British

used a shelter made of heavy sheet steel in a semicircular section. These looked like sections of a large pipe cut in two lengthwise. The half was set into an excavation so that its top was barely level with the surface. Then the earth from the excavation was placed on top of the metal section, adding to protection. Crude as it was, it was effective against practically anything except a direct hit.

You could use timber and boards. Your shelter could provide a space eight to ten feet long, five feet wide and six feet high. The shelter should have a roof at least one foot below the surface. Pile the earth from the excavation in a mound over the top and extend it out to either side.

Form the roof of such a shelter of fairly heavy timber set closely together. You can make the walls lighter; planking will serve. But design the structure to take a load of around 170 pounds to the square foot on the ceiling, as the overpressure developed at 5,000 feet, slightly less than one mile from ground zero, is 7.4 pounds to the square inch, or 165.6 pounds to the square foot.

You should provide access to the shelter by a narrow trench at either end, the walls of which you shore up with planking. Dig a hole at the base of the entrances, and fill it with crushed stone. The hole should be at least two or three feet deep and as many long, running

the full width of the trench. This will trap water from rains and prevent flooding. A raised wooden floor is advisable. You can close both entrances with doors or heavy canvas curtains. Place the entrances at a right angle to the center of the city, as attack can be expected near that point.

Almost anyone can make such a shelter. It will be adequate to meet blast effects and radiation of both nuclear and thermal kinds from 5,000 feet from ground zero out. Shielding from gamma radiation becomes necessary at around 4,200 feet. Three feet of earth will approximate 20 inches of concrete as a radiation shield.

If you construct an outside shelter, stock it with canned foods and fresh drinking water in metal or nonshatterable containers. If warning is given and attack is imminent, occupy the shelter at once. Otherwise, find shelter in time before the attack. You cannot evade atomic attack effects fully. Both the radiations, nuclear and thermal, travel with the speed of light: about 186,000 miles a second. Only the blast effect, the shock front, goes at a slower rate. This effect is expended within one minute after the explosion and first illumination. Until then no one should leave the shelter.

While you can't move fast enough to evade nuclear radiation, quick action will help. The shock front follows quickly, but in fringe areas it will be seconds in arriving, and

after a minute it may be considered as past. The thermal radiation has too slight a delay, a matter of .015 seconds, to be avoided by physical action. Nuclear radiations, like the thermal, travel at the rate of 186,000 miles a second and so cannot be avoided. But since they are emitted over a period of seconds, you can secure partial protection. Instant shelter must be taken behind some substantial mass.

Thus, if no warning is given other than the superlatively brilliant flash of light from the explosion, throw yourself flat on the ground instantly, with your back in the direction of the flash. Bring your arms up to cover your head and neck. A curled-up position will expose a minimum of area to the effects and give a maximum of protection. If in the home, seek instant shelter by throwing yourself on the floor at the base of a wall. Maintain your position for a full minute, to give the shock front time to pass over you.

The greatest protection is advance warning. Frankly, if there is not an advance warning and you are caught in the open you have small chance of survival in areas close to ground zero. Survival farther away depends upon conditions.

If you are one and a quarter

miles from ground zero, if in the open, you are certain to be a casualty. Your injuries, although not necessarily fatal, can be severe, especially burns from thermal radiation. The extent of fatalities and the rapid rate at which they decline with distance from ground zero after the critical first half mile is past is shown by the following table compiled from investigations at Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Mortality Percentage	Distance from Ground Zero
94 .....	0 to 1,000 feet
90 .....	2,000 feet
80 .....	3,000 feet
58 .....	4,000 feet
37 .....	5,000 feet
20 .....	6,000 feet
7 .....	7,000 feet

British civil-defense authorities say that 75% of casualties can be avoided by advance warning and shelter. Where deep shelter is available and advance warning is given, casualties will be low. With proper preparation and an adequately trained civil-defense personnel, atomic bombing, while it can destroy vital industrial capacity and military and naval installations, can take few lives. Atomic attack is efficient only for mass effect. With a little forethought and preparation we can protect ourselves. There is a defense against atomic attack.

**SOME** minds are like concrete, all mixed up and permanently set.

*Des Moines Tribune* (8 Sept. '51).

*If it ain't Marxist, it ain't science*

# Science vs. Atheism

By ARNOLD LUNN

Condensed from a book\*

**I** HAVE invented the word *scientian*. A scientian is one who holds that science refutes belief in the supernatural. Every good scientian also believes that the Church has always been hostile to science, and that religion slows scientific progress. The truth is that the Church has a magnificent record in science. Catholic scientists whose names have passed into common speech, include Copernicus, Pope Gregory, Galvani, Ampere, Volta, Coulomb, Mendel, Pasteur, Roentgen, and Marconi. Modern astronomy is Copernican; our calendar is Gregorian; iron is galvanized; electricity is measured by amps, volts, and coulombs; cattle breeding is conducted on Mendelian principles; milk is pasteurized; scientists make use of the Roentgen rays for their experiments.

More than a dozen Jesuits have their names printed on the map of the moon. The Jesuit Secchi may be called a founder of the modern science of astrophysics; another, Bosovich (1711-87), anticipated in his published works our modern physical theory of relativity.

Soviet Russia is the first state to adopt scientism, the philosophy of scientians. Marxism is merely a kind of scientism. If the scientian premises be correct, both science and scientists should flourish in the Soviet Union.

As a matter of fact, Soviet scientists proudly proclaim that they are a privileged class. I have English scientist friends who in Soviet Russia would have the status and emoluments of field marshals, provided they operated within the Marxist strait jacket.

But does Russia treat scientists as good scientists want to be treated? Man does not live by bread alone. Intellectual freedom is at least as important to the true scientist as material rewards. He must be free "to sit down before the fact like a little child."

Now, the Catholic scientist is free. As a scientist he approaches a scientific problem with far greater detachment than the atheist. A Catholic scientist examining the evidence for an alleged miracle would be perfectly free to consider all possible explanations, natural or supernatural. But the atheist would

\*The Revolt Against Reason. Copyright, 1951, by Sheed & Ward, Inc., 840 Broadway, 66 New York City. Reprinted with permission. 273 pp. \$3.25.

have to begin by ruling out, arbitrarily, the supernatural. In Soviet Russia science is enchained in just that way. The following passage is from *Soviet Science in its New Phase*: "Our aim is to enter the arena of world science on a wide front, armed with the irresistible arguments of dialectical materialism, and (in that world arena of science) we shall combat all foreign concepts that are antagonistic to ours."

Actually, the persecution of scientists has been nowhere more thorough than in Soviet Russia. Many scientists have been persecuted because their scientific opinions did not conform to ideological orthodoxy.

W. H. Chamberlin in *Russia's Iron Age* cites a journal entitled *For Marxist-Leninist Natural Science* which campaigned enthusiastically for "party spirit in mathematics" and "for purity of Marxist-Leninist theory in surgery."

Victor Serge, who faced death fighting for communism in the front-line trenches during the attack on Petrograd, devotes a chapter of his book *Russia Twenty Years After* to a description of "Managed Science." "Geologists," he writes, "have been imprisoned for having interpreted subsoil qualities differently from what was wanted in high places. The subsidies allotted the physiologist Pavlov for his researches into conditioned reflexes did not prevent the arrest of

his collaborators. The encouragement given to the academician Yofe for his researches into the structure of the atom did not prevent the deportation of his collaborators. The physicist Lazarev, after having been in the very front rank of Soviet science, was imprisoned, deported, and then pardoned."

Eugene Lyons says in *Assignment in Utopia*, "The roster of scientists, historians, academicians, famous engineers, technical administrators, statisticians arrested at this time reads like an encyclopedia of contemporary Russian culture."

He supports by detailed evidence his assertion that history, psychology, and science are forced to "goose-step the party line." "Even in the natural sciences there was plenty of grotesquery about 'Leninist surgery' and 'Stalinist mathematics' and ideological deviations in biology."

"Critic" in the *New Statesman* (Aug. 21, 1948) wrote, "That William Jennings Bryan of the USSR, Vice-President Lysenko, is trying to stage a Russian 'monkey trial.' The issue is not that ape-into-man is an affront to the Book of Genesis but that Abbé Mendel's peas are an affront to Karl Marx. This Marxist fundamentalism has impeached his fellow geneticists for observing the experimental proofs of hereditary transmission, as propounded by that bourgeois, clerical, premature fascist, Abbé Mendel, over a century ago."

Nobody who has been taught to think straight registers surprise at the Marxist attack on science. A system of thought which attacks objectivity must inevitably attack science, the essence of which is objectivity.

The persecution of scientists in Russia also is consistent with Marxism. If a Russian scientist is a convinced Marxist, his real scientific outlook must inevitably be unsound. For nothing in this philosophy can be sound which does not contribute to the advance of the Marxist revolution.

Science is objective. The revolt against reason is a revolt against objectivity. It must inevitably, then, attack science.

The Marxists are, as far as I know, the first to use the word *objective* as a term of abuse. A certain Prof. G. F. Alexandrov had written *A History of Western Philosophy*, published in 1946. It was selected as a textbook for university students. It was well reviewed in *Pravda* and *Izvestia*. Subsequently it was denounced for heresy, and Stalin "directed" (to quote *Pravda*) that a public "discussion" should be held on it.

Zhdanov, secretary general of the Communist party, appeared in the role of prosecutor, and 84 academicians, professors, and would-be professors entered their names as wishing to take part in the "dis-

cussion." All of them, including those who had first praised the book, told how they now hated its heresies.

In civilized countries, a true scholar is expected to be dispassionate and calm when discussing views with which he disagrees. But Zhdanov denounced the professor on the ground that "he *dispassionately* and *calmly* describes the various pre-Marxist systems of philosophy. Such flabby, toothless, vegetarian approach to the history of philosophy, such backboneless *objectivism* cannot be tolerated by Marxism" [italics supplied]. In civilized countries *educational* is not a term of abuse, but Zhdanov attacks Professor Alexandrov's book on the ground that it is "too educational."

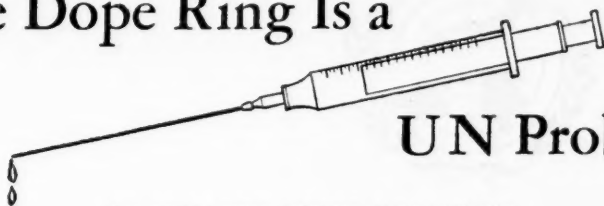
"By discussing *objectively* and *dispassionately* the various bourgeois philosophical theories he, by implication, pays tribute to the academic traditions of bourgeois philosophers."

Professor Alexandrov's sin was a failure to describe the Western philosophers as "fascist beasts" or "fascist cannibals." The Catholic scientist has a freedom the Marxist scientist can never know. That the Church is hostile to science is disproved by history; that irreligion slows scientific achievement is proved by the history of Soviet Russia.



*A heroin smuggler in Tientsin can reach your child in the U.S.*

# The Dope Ring Is a



## UN Problem

By SENATOR ESTES KEFAUVER

Condensed from the *United Nations World\**

**T**HE Japanese steamship *Heiyo Maru* had just docked at San Pedro, Calif. It was a warm August afternoon, a few years before the outbreak of the 2nd World War. Among debarking passengers was a Chinese woman, Molly Maria Wendt.

Passengers hurried into customs. Officials began the routine check of baggage. Miss Wendt's baggage was not unusual for a Chinese woman, just in from the Orient. But an alert guard was intrigued by the unusual rounded edges of her trunk.

He slipped a penknife from his pocket and inserted its blade in a corner of the trunk. A white powder trickled out. The penknife had slit one of 56 unlabeled silk bags, hidden under a false bottom in the trunk. The bags contained 54 pounds of unadulterated heroin, destined for the illicit American market.

Miss Wendt, whose real name is Wen, was arrested. She confessed, and promised to assist customs of-

ficers in apprehending the consignees of the shipment. She escaped from guard, and was again apprehended in New York while attempting to board the steamship *Deutschland*, about to leave for Europe.

Meanwhile, across the world, police had an eye on a chap by the name of Naftali Loeffelholz Brandstatter, a Polish national, later a resident of Shanghai. He was reported to be operating as the head of an international narcotic ring. Shortly before Miss Wendt was apprehended, Brandstatter had left Shanghai, and had gone to Cuba, by way of Rome and Barcelona. Upon his arrival in Havana, it was secretly reported that he had several trunks, especially constructed, with cleverly concealed false compartments.

These were much like those of Miss Wendt's, but no contraband was discovered. He was kept under surveillance in Havana. While there, he was in telegraphic communication with an Al Stey, in

\*319 E. 44th St., New York City 17. September, 1951.

Shanghai, and others in Mexico and the U. S.

Investigation in Shanghai showed that Al Stey was a French national, a native of Alsace-Lorraine. He was employed by the Paulun Hospital, where Miss Wendt had served as a nurse. After a warrant was issued for his arrest, Stey was found dying in a Shanghai lot, probably a victim of persons who feared that their own names would be divulged. Brandstatter was arrested, but committed suicide. Miss Wendt was convicted.

But these are details. The important thing is that this ring was operated by the nationals of many countries, working together, and doing business internationally.

The files of the Narcotic bureau, in the U.S. Treasury department, contained many similar cases.

There was that remarkable network, the Eliopoulous organization, known as the Drug Barons of Europe, which was operating during the old League of Nations days. It took the police of many nations, the U. S., Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Egypt, Turkey, and others, to put a crimp in their operations.

The fact is, the gangster has been in business, in one way or another, since the first ship set sail to sea, and an eager lad with no morals decided that piracy might be a lucrative profession.

He is in business today. We ran across his traces in our U. S. investi-

gation of crime. H. J. Anslinger, commissioner of narcotics in the Treasury department, says that before getting a load, some heroin traffickers going to Italy would contact Salvatore Lucania. You will perhaps know him better as Charles Lucky Luciano. This is the man who complained from afar that we were doing him an injustice by mentioning his name in connection with the shadowy Mafia.

I hardly think that it would be possible to damage Mr. Luciano's reputation. While the thugs that we questioned proclaimed a remarkable lack of knowledge about the Mafia, the committee found that the Black Hand is operating today and that Lucky Luciano has a part in its activities.

The U.S. is doing something about crime in America. Impetus for this action came from the people of America.

As it happens, long before our Senate Crime committee was born, good citizens were disturbed about conditions in their own home towns. The newspapers exposed conditions. The citizens demanded that something be done about them.

But even the best-spirited and most honest public officials hit a blank wall. They were able to operate only locally, or at best within state limits, and crime knows no state boundaries.

This was one of the principal reasons for existence of the Senate

Crime committee. We set out to investigate crime on a national level. We planned to propose federal laws which could be used against the gangster wherever he might operate in the U.S.

This we are doing. But that is the limit of our ability. We can go no further.

A field is still left which is within jurisdiction of other nations, and, through them, the United Nations.

There is, for instance, a UN Narcotics commission. I was greatly impressed by progress reported by Mr. Anslinger, the U.S. delegate, at the session in May. Excerpts from Mr. Anslinger's report on heroin would serve to illustrate what is being done.

*"Italy.* Following arrests in Trieste which were reported to the commission at its last session the Italian authorities have taken energetic steps to try to halt the traffic. They reduced heroin estimates from 190 kilos to 50 kilos as a result of the disclosures of large-scale diversion of heroin from factories and wholesale drug houses. Only a few weeks ago when other arrests and seizures were made, these estimates were again reduced to 30 kilos yearly.

*"Turkey.* It would appear that the greatest quantities of heroin seized during the last three months of 1950 and the first three months of 1951 were in Turkey. Last session, Dr. Or, the Turkish delegate,

announced that his government had placed control restrictions on the importation of acetic anhydride, used in the manufacture of heroin. Information indicates that this is having some effect on the smuggling of heroin from Turkey, although there appears to be considerable raw opium and morphine base available to smugglers.

*"China.* It is with considerable concern that one views the reported flow of heroin from Tientsin and points in Manchuria into Japan, via Hong Kong. The former heroin-manufacturing factories in Tientsin, North China, and Manchuria have resumed operations, and there is evidence that some of this heroin is finding its way into the U.S. and other countries, by way of Japan. This traffic should be suppressed by the communist authorities in China."

Thus it goes, emphasizing again the international nature of crime. An illicit heroin factory operating in the interior of China can bring sadness into the home of a teenage boy or girl in Detroit, Paris, London or Berlin. A smuggling ring in Istanbul can leave a string of murders across several continents.

Given a means of cooperation, I believe that the police of those nations, backed up by their people and governments, can eliminate the international rings. The United Nations must provide the impetus for such cooperative action.

*Alfred Wehring worked 16 years for that final moment of victory and then disappeared without a trace*

# One Man Sank The Royal Oak

By GEORGE D. WOLFE  
Condensed from *Ships & Sailing\**



**A** FLASH went out: H.M.S. *Royal Oak* had been sunk at anchor in the roadstead at Scapa Flow. She carried more than 800 to their death! All Britain was shocked that autumn day in 1939. The great warship was one of the largest dreadnaughts of her time, with a complement of 1200 men. She was a veteran of the fierce sea battle at Jutland. The Axis press and radio exulted, "We will sink the English Navy, ship by ship!"

Scotland Yard knew nothing; naval intelligence had been caught with its guard down. For the Germans it was the *coup de guerre*: "Sunk at her base, within fortified waters and amidst the whole fleet!"

Yet the acclaim the nazis gave their heroes was greatly misplaced. The man who actually sank the *Royal Oak* received no credit.

Officially, no such man existed. Yet for 16 years he had methodically planned his master stroke, then straightway vanished into the mists.

Alfred Wehring had been an

officer in the Imperial German Navy, a seagoing man-o'-warman, expert in gunnery, adept in navigation, and an authority on naval architecture. He was on the bridge of the German *Admiral Hipper* at the battle of Jutland, against the *Royal Oak* which, much later, he was destined to sink. He had served as naval attaché under Walter Canaris, who later headed the dreaded nazi secret service.

Canaris early appraised Wehring. In the dark days after the 1st World War, Canaris secured a pension for the ex-naval officer. Plans were formulating even then in the mind of the cunning Canaris.

In 1923, Canaris placed German agents at strategic points in foreign lands. Foremost among them was Wehring. Wehring received his instructions from Canaris in person: he was to go to England. He planned with Teutonic thoroughness. Instead of going directly to England, Wehring first made his way to Switzerland.

There he worked as a jewelry

salesman, learning both wholesale and retail selling. Then he apprenticed himself to one of the best schools to study watchmaking. After three years of intensive study, he was graduated as an expert. He acquired more than a trade in Switzerland. In 1927, equipped with a newly forged passport, a solid "Swiss" background, and bearing the innocuous name of Alfred Ortel, the watchmaker emigrated to England. He went through customs easily.

Wehring made friends easily. He was always in the best of humor, witty, and cultured. He had a zealous interest in the sea and ships, the king's fighting ships. Then the

watchmaker settled in the seaport town of Kirkwall in the Orkney Islands near the naval base of Scapa Flow, where most of the fleet was based. Kirkwall was hardly more than a village, peopled by hardy seafaring folk. Ortel found them delightful. Kirkwall welcomed the genial "Swiss" watchmaker.

The watchmaker prospered. He lived quietly and moderately. In time he owned a fine jewelry store. He mingled with ease in the best society. He was a welcome fourth at bridge parties, a genial guest at teas. Yachting and fishing took up most of his leisure time. In 1932 he became a citizen, and his assimilation was complete. He had relatives

in Switzerland, Ortel said, but he was loath to leave his beloved Kirkwall even for a visit. So his "relatives" came to see him. They spoke German, dressed well. Cultured, they too were accepted in Kirkwall. Ortel received mail regularly from an aged "father" somewhere in Germany. There also was much correspondence with "boyhood chums" scattered over the earth's surface.

Time passed.



Then came the war. The Union Jack appeared over the watchmaker's door. Ortel dug deep into his savings to buy war bonds. He was no longer neutral, he explained, but a loyal subject. He lamented that his age barred him from service. He avidly digested reams of newspapers and periodicals on the war. He followed shipping news closest of all. His ponderous, antiquated radio set was constantly tuned for war news.

The Scapa Flow roadstead is 15 miles long and eight wide, a bight with but two very narrow passageways, one in the west, the other in the eastern end. The latter is near Kirkwall. The necks had been further narrowed by sinking ships in the passageways. The corridors were guarded by a maze of fortifications, mines, steel nets, sunken piles, and other obstructions. About a month after the war started, Ortel learned that certain obstructions guarding the eastern passage were not in place. Just how he learned this is to this day unknown. It was top-secret information.

Ortel acted immediately. He closed his shop early. The low scudding clouds, he told his assistants, foretold a coming storm. There would be few customers. His assistants might have the rest of the day to themselves. He closed the shutters, locked the door, and hurried home.

His richly furnished house had the homely bric-a-brac of the aver-

age English home. The day was chilly, and he soon had a brisk fire in the hearth. A copper teakettle over the flames began to steam, and Ortel brewed a cup of tea in the true British tradition. He leisurely sipped the tea and contemplated with abstract calm the face of a clock that ticked quite briskly on the teakwood mantel. Presently the clock struck four.

Ortel sprang to his ancient radio set in a near-by alcove. Masked behind an innocent façade was an efficient-short-wave transmitter and receiver. He threw the switch, tuned to the desired frequency, and began speaking in coded gibberish into a small hand microphone. He spoke with great earnestness and rapidity, then repeated the message slowly so that there might be no mistake.

The call was to the nazi naval attaché in neutral Holland. Within a matter of minutes the message was channeled to No. 14 Bendlerstrasse, Berlin, and Walter Wilhelm Canaris.

Canaris could hardly believe the good fortune. But he acted instantly. Coded signals alerted all German submarines in European waters. In code, the attaché in Holland was ordered to immediately contact the operative at Kirkwall—the quiet, sedate watchmaker known as Ortel. A check of nazi patrol charts showed submarine *B-06*, commanded by Capt. Guenther Prien, as most accessible to Scapa Flow. It



was ordered to make the kill that very night. Weather reports to Prien indicated a favorable screen.

It was an ideal night. Prien set his course for the easterly approach. He went at half throttle so as to arrive at the fixed hour. His orders were for Holm Sound, the east gate to the bight at the tip of Pomona island, opposite Kirkwall. At this point the *B-06* was to surface, and wait for a signal light from the shore. The person signaling was to be taken on board, and would have further instructions.

The operation took place as planned. The *B-06* arrived at the fixed time, cut her engines, and cautiously broke surface. The dim outline of the shore loomed not 300 yards away. No sight, no sound, only the eerie blackness, the soft moaning of the wind, the lapping of the North sea on the steel plates.

Prien's powerful night glasses detected the signal light off the starboard bow: a long flash, two short ones, another long flash. On command, a collapsible boat, manned by one sailor, was lowered, and silently moved toward the light. It brought Ortel. Prien and Ortel shook hands. The boat was quickly stowed, they hurried below, and the *B-06* dived.

Scarcely a navigating officer of the British fleet knew the waters as Ortel knew them. He had, moreover, a chart of the harbor, with the correct bearing of all defenses. Ortel took over as pilot and the *B-06* be-

gan twisting into the waters of Scapa Flow through Holm Sound. The course called for deft maneuvering, split-second timing, the closest vigilance, and a measure of luck. But they made it, although in places they had hardly a fathom of freeway above or below.

The *B-06* moved into the anchorage, and a thrill of elation swept through the crew. They were making naval history. But there was serious business ahead: one mistake and all would be destroyed.

The dim silhouettes of warships loomed ahead: cruisers, destroyers, subchasers, battleships and more cruisers. The *B-06* went down the file, her engines at half throttle, keeping a respectful distance while her commander studied the ships, deliberately selecting his quarry. They passed more cruisers, light and heavy. More destroyers. A battleship came abeam; Prien shook his head. There was another light cruiser.

Then, Prien, through the periscope, located his prey, the very last vessel of the line: the 29,150-ton *Royal Oak*. He gave the order to prepare torpedoes. The long, gray missiles swung into position as the *B-06* edged closer and closer. The great bulk was riding gently at anchor, low in the water, massive, her great fighting top rearing into the night sky. The *B-06* drew abreast; Prien signaled for engines to be stopped.

Prien checked the distance and

bearing. He noted that another ship, almost as large, lay directly astern of the *Royal Oak*! He exchanged a few words with Ortel; they agreed to try for both ships.

"Prepare to fire!" Prien ordered. His eyes were glued to the periscope. Slowly he raised his hand. It remained poised for several seconds, then abruptly snapped down. "*Fertig schissen!*"

No. 1 torpedo was away. Another command; the hand went up again, paused, then went down again. The second torpedo was off. At the same moment there was a blast as the first torpedo plowed into the *Royal Oak*. The second explosion was even louder. Good citizen Ortel took a fleeting look through the periscope. Could he ever forget what he saw?

Her mission completed, the *B-06* headed about and raced for the channel exit, for her very life. Once out of the bight, the crew went wild with joy. Nazi discipline gave way to a noisy round of backslapping and congratulations. There were drinks, round after round, and much singing of the *Horst Wessel*.

The watchmaker from Kirkwall was entirely forgotten. He sat apart, his features immobile, a faraway look in his eyes. His job was finished, his mission accomplished; he was leaving England forever. That was all.

Prien and his crew were not for-

gotten, however. They were ordered to Kiel. There they received an ovation surpassing anything they could have imagined. Harbor whistles shrieked, bands blared, people lined the streets, and cheered until they were hoarse. The celebration on the docks at Kiel swept from one end of the country to the other.

Ortel, now Wehring again, quietly disappeared. Two days later in Berlin he reported to Canaris, in person, his 16 years of effort on the "One Idea." During the meeting, sounds of the tumultuous celebration in Berlin came from the street below. The two men did not mention the celebration, such things were to them so much duckweed on a river. Canaris knew who sank the *Royal Oak*. The less others knew, the better. That was enough for Wehring.

And so he disappeared as completely as if the earth has swallowed him up. Did he sometimes remember the picture of destruction seen through the periscope that night? Did he give up forever the game in which the stakes are high, the risks great, and the reward small? Perhaps.

But it is unlikely. Indeed it is probable that Wehring went on to even more dangerous missions and effected even greater destruction, performing best in the deepest obscurity, leaving the cheers for others just as that day on the docks at Kiel.

# Christian Love and Sex

By GERALD VANN, O. P.

Condensed from *Today*\*

WITH my body I thee worship," the man says to the woman in the Christian marriage ceremony. From those words alone we can learn a great deal about the Christian view of sex and love.

First of all, this is the Church blessing physical passion. We shall misunderstand all the Church's teaching unless we are clear about this from the start. Physical love is in itself a good thing, not a bad thing. The Church does not say, "This is a rather shady affair but given certain conditions and circumstances it may be allowed." The Church says, "This is a good and lovely thing in itself, but the divine life which is given it in the sacrament turns a merely humanly lovely thing into a divinely lovely thing."

Because of the evil which lies deep in human nature, this good thing is easily spoiled. As a defense against this tendency the sacrament is given us. But the positive purpose of the sacrament is to make human love a divinely perfect thing.

But secondly, in connection with

the man's declaring that he worships the woman with his body: this is a love affair between two human beings, in which the body has an essential part to play. This means two things. It means that sex has, in man, much more than a purely biological significance. It cannot be isolated. Marriage means physical union; but it also means the union of two minds and two hearts. Sex is therefore degraded unless it is helping to create that unity of mind and heart. Sex in man is quite different from sex in animals: man is not a body and a spirit, but a body-spirit, a single thing which is both physical and psychical. Bodily experiences, activities, states, affect the mind, and *vice versa*. Just as worry, for instance, produces physical ailments, so physical pain prevents clear thinking. And human passion is itself a psycho-physical thing: it is not just a body acting, experiencing, but a man, a woman, acting and experiencing, through their bodies. The man does not say: "My body worships thy body," but, "With my body I worship thee."

Thirdly, the man says, I thee worship. This is a curious choice of

verb, which might well puzzle us. Is not this idolatry? If passion becomes independent, mere animal greed, that is, if it ceases to be love, it is spoiled. But at the other extreme, if one human being does literally idolize another, that, too, ends in failure because it is built on falsehood. To idolize is to treat another human being as though he or she were perfect like God, and human beings are not perfect. Real love is built on understanding of the hard facts, not on glamorous fantasy. When a man treats a woman like a goddess, and worships her as perfection, he is living in a dream world; and when, with the passage of time, the woman's human imperfections force themselves on his notice he feels that he has been deceived. It was not this real woman at all that he was loving, and so his dream world collapses about his ears.

No, the Church bids a man worship a woman with his *body*. With his whole personality he is to worship God: he and she together, as a unity, are to worship God. Without that, they will falsify and ruin their own individual lives, and their shared life. The sacrament of marriage precisely bids them, and empowers them, to make their love of each other an act of worship and love of God. The supreme purpose of their shared life is that they should help each other to go to God, to live with God. He, the male animal, on the animal level

tends to be predatory, dominating, and ruthless. But he is to school himself to remember that this is not an animal thing. He must approach her with a deep reverence, the awe with which human beings must always approach mystery. For that is indeed the essential truth that we have to learn about one another. Every human being is indeed a mystery, known completely only to God, and discoverable by other human beings only very gradually and painfully, and perhaps even in the end only partially.

That is why the Church today is almost the sole defender of human love. In a world of quick divorce and easy promiscuity, love in the full sense becomes harder and harder to find. Many think of the expression *love-making* as a purely physical thing; and so we miss its meaning.

The love of two persons for one another, two body-spirits, is a thing that has to be made by them; and it takes a long time, and great efforts, to understand, to curb greed and selfishness, to achieve unity of mind and heart. Polygamy makes love in its fullness impossible, because there is no equality; there cannot be that deep sharing of experience which is the "marriage of true minds." But the sort of marriage which is becoming so common nowadays, the marriage which only lasts, perhaps is only meant to last, a few weeks or months, also makes love in its fullness impos-

sible, because there is no time for the creative process to be achieved.

But the verb *worship* suggests mystery; and notice that it is not only the human being who is a mystery. It is not only the human being that must be approached with reverence. Precisely because of its psycho-physical character, sex is itself, in man, a mystery to be approached with reverence. You can divest it of mystery. You can regard it purely as a biological function. You can treat it lightly, as a superficial amusement. But if you do, you distort and destroy it because once again you make love impossible. The casual and promiscuous necking party is as harmful to human love on the one hand as is the dour, passionless biological function of the puritan on the other. Passion plays its proper part in the growth of love in proportion as it is deep; and it will never be deep so long as it is treated merely as a toy.

D. H. Lawrence attacked immodesty of dress, nudism, and so forth, on the grounds that they must lead to a weakening of passion. In this, he was surely wise. They are indeed forms of irreverence: they start by assuming that there is no mystery other than a purely fictitious mystery which has been manufactured by man himself. And on the purely human and humanist level, how pathetically wrong they are! A human body is a mystery, as a human mind is a mystery. It is something to be

learned lovingly as you learn a poem or a symphony, something to be approached with awe as you approach anything that has beauty and uniqueness, and that must take long to discover and understand.

The Christian virtue of purity makes passion in its fullness possible. It preserves the sense of mystery, and therefore the sense of awe, of worship. People sometimes think that chastity in married men and women must mean lack of passion: but that is to misunderstand the whole Christian theology of love and marriage. Chastity means, not the abolition of passion, but the deepening, intensifying, and sanctifying of passion. It deepens it because it concentrates, making it what of its own nature it is meant to be, one of the ways in which two people learn each other. It intensifies it, because it sets it within the framework of a mightier and vaster thing than human love, the love of God. It sanctifies it because it makes it a means through which two persons can sanctify each other by learning together to love God better.

In many hard cases the principles of Christian morality seem to impose a crushing burden. Yet, if we want to be faithful to truth, we cannot do otherwise than try to stand fast by the principles. The principles of morals are simply statements of the nature of things; therefore, they cannot be changed. God could not change the moral

law concerning lying, murder, theft, because truth and justice are facets of His own nature. God cannot change the pattern of human love, because love is His own name.

When we are ourselves implicated in a tragedy it is difficult to argue to ourselves this way. Then principles have a very cold, inhuman look. But we can remind ourselves of the tragic effects of ignoring the principles. Our world today is full of broken marriages, unfulfilled loves, children who have no real homes nor parents, adults who have become twisted and neurotic, or perhaps just aimless, superficial, bored, all because they have perverted the nature of love. The Church stands for sanity in a world more and more insane. It stands for human dignity in a world where human dignity is more and more deeply attacked. It stands for deep and vital human experience in a world which grows more and more shallow.

The Church stands for human love commonly rejected in favor of the subhumanity of lust or the inhumanity of the cult of "glamour."

In the two words, *love* and *glamour*, are two opposing philosophies of life, between which you must choose. The glamour girl of the magazine covers is an unreal abstraction. She is not a girl but a body. She is not a human being whose span of life is three score years and ten, but a transitory be-

ing whose life will end as soon as her glamour ceases to attract. The Christian must be not less interested in physical beauty than his pagan neighbor but more so. He has reason to be, for physical beauty for him is not merely something valuable in itself, but also something that reflects and praises the beauty of God. But at the same time he can be in no doubt about which of the two opposing camps must claim his allegiance. He must be too good a philosopher to try to divorce the body from the soul, to try to treat it as an abstraction. He must not forget that a human being, and a human love, does not die with the loss of youth's bloom, since it does not die even with death itself.

When you find two old persons who have loved each other deeply, long, and through many trials, you find that they have really become one thing. They really have one mind (and how much greater two minds made one are than ever the single mind in isolation can be!). They really have one heart. They cannot be lonely again till death parts them, and then only for a little time.

Those old people have achieved this thing themselves, and their passion was part of the process of achievement. They have given their lives a depth and richness and fullness which can never be taken from them.





*Scientists are studying the mystery sleep, but they have found no answers*

## *The Animals' Long Winter Sleep*

By EDWIN WAY TEALE

Condensed from *Coronet*\*



**W**HEN the sleepy-eyed ground hog peers from his burrow 32 days after the start of each New Year, he emerges from one of the strangest adventures of the animal world. He is virtually rising from the dead. For 16 weeks and more, the flame of his life has almost, but not quite, gone out.

During the summer, a woodchuck breathes 25 to 30 times a minute. Yet, during hibernation, he may breathe only once in five minutes. Normally, his heart throbs about 80 times a minute. During his long sleep, his pulse slows down to four or five beats a minute, just sufficient to keep thickened and sluggish blood in motion. His limbs grow rigid. His temperature drops as low as 37° Fahrenheit.

At the same time, millions of other creatures, frogs buried in mud, bats hanging upside down in caverns, ground squirrels rolled into furry balls, bears hidden in dark dens, are also passing the winter in one long night of slumber.

The depth of that slumber varies. Some animals are stirred to con-

sciousness by light, noise, even by unfamiliar odors. Chipmunks alternately sleep and feast. You can roll a woodchuck across the floor without awakening him. A Columbian ground squirrel of the West, which sleeps curled up like a doughnut, remains so lost to the world that you can toss him in the air and catch him repeatedly while he slumbers on.

This state of suspended animation makes animals immune to many dangers. A sleeping hedgehog was thrust under water more than 20 times without drowning, and a hibernating bat was left for an hour submerged in a pail of water and then pulled out, none the worse.

European scientists sealed a marmot, relative of our woodchuck, in an airtight jar filled with carbon dioxide. The scientists found him unharmed after four hours in this lethal chamber.

Although scientists have studied the mystery of hibernation for hundreds of years, they still find it

\*65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Ill. October, 1951.

largely a puzzle unsolved. Like the riddle of migration among birds, its effect is obvious, but its hidden causes and exact manner of functioning are unknown. Both migration and hibernation seem to be nature's scheme for keeping alive, in a given area, more creatures than she has food to feed the year around.

The fattest animals begin their hibernation first and they also stay asleep the longest. In late summer, when a woodchuck is building up fat, he will sometimes eat as much as a third of his weight in plants at a single feeding. Woodchucks, bears, and other mammals slowly assimilate excess fat during their months of sleep. They burn it gradually, like oil in a lamp that is turned low, to maintain the flame of life.

During hibernation, digestion almost comes to a standstill. So do other bodily processes. Hence, some scientists have suggested that one important factor in the deep torpor may be autointoxication.

The Boston surgeon, Dr. Harvey Cushing, reported that the pituitary gland of a woodchuck is reduced in size during its winter sleep. In England, scientists noted that the

thyroid of the hedgehog shrinks in fall and resumes its normal size in spring. Tiny injections of warm thyroid extract will arouse a hibernating hedgehog. However, if the solution is cold, the sleeping animal falls into even deeper slumber.

One thing stands out in researches with warm-blooded animals. The species that hibernate are the ones with the least perfect temperature control. If you are in good health, your body temperature varies only a fraction of a degree. But in animals that hibernate, it may change as much as  $15^{\circ}$  during the 24 hours of a summer day. In two and a half hours, the temperature of an awakening woodchuck may shoot up  $48^{\circ}$ . A dormouse has been known to gain  $34^{\circ}$  in less time than three-quarters of an hour. The animals revive from head to tail. They are literally hotheaded as they wake up.

Violent shivering assists the aroused sleepers to equalize their temperatures. At the same time, they pant rapidly, expelling accumulated carbon dioxide. Thus the long sleep of hibernation comes to its swift conclusion. But the mystery of that sleep, so long eluding solution, remains.

### *In the Clutch*

**W**ANTED: An automobile brake that will get tight when the driver does.

*Passing Variety* (Oct. '51).

**S**OME people drive like politicians—in the middle of the road.

George W. Linn.

# Hazards of Cortisone

By ROBERT D. POTTER

Condensed from a book\*

THE hormonal drugs, cortisone and ACTH, are coming out of the experimental stage, and into the hands of the practicing physicians for use on you and other patients. But a campaign is under way to warn doctors against excessive doses.

I have attended some of these "briefing" sessions for doctors. The gathering at the New York Academy of Medicine in March, 1951, was typical. There the medical directors of the companies that make cortisone and ACTH, themselves both physicians, issued solemn warning to their fellow doctors to use wisely the potent "two-edged" swords that have been placed in their hands.

Dr. James M. Carlisle, of Merck & Co., makers of cortisone, and Dr. John R. Mote, of the Armour Laboratories, producers of ACTH, were the two physicians who warned against overdosing. What they had to say applies not only to physicians but also to patients. Now that cortisone, at least, is available in tablet form, don't get the idea that if one pill is good, two and three will be better. These hormones are not like aspirin tablets in their effect on

your body. And mark this: the so-called side symptoms that have received all the publicity turn out to be the minor hazards. The major hazard is the fact that both drugs are so powerful that they can mask major symptoms of infectious diseases. They can make the patient appear healthy when he is really in serious danger.

Dr. Carlisle, speaking of the risks in administering cortisone, emphasized that your doctor should give you the drug only under the following rules.

1. An exhaustive pretreatment study of you as an individual patient.

2. A critical pretreatment study of the intensity and activity of your disease.

3. A critical study of your proper initial dose.

4. Strict and critical observation during treatment to note your tolerance to the drug.

5. Constant daily checks on the dosage administered to you.

This last is essential, because the dose you require may vary from day to day. Certainly the dose may vary widely from patient to patient, so that it is practically impossible

\*Arthritis. Copyright, 1951, by the author. Reprinted with permission of Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 239 pp. \$2.75.

to set up any hard-and-fast rules.

In general, said Dr. Carlisle, treatment with adrenal cortical hormones like cortisone fits into two broad types. The first is the use of larger doses for an emergency condition, such as an acute attack of rheumatic fever. The second is the lower dosage for treatment of a chronic disease, like rheumatoid arthritis.

Dr. Carlisle said that the larger doses for acute emergencies should be, with rare exceptions, reduced after two weeks to small maintenance doses.

Dr. Carlisle discussed rheumatic fever as an example, and gave some positive Do's and Don'ts for the assembled physicians. He said this about cortisone. 1. It is no cure for rheumatic fever. 2. It will not kill bacteria which may be present. 3. It will not correct previous damage to the heart. 4. It will not shorten the interval of the acute stage. 5. It is not a prophylaxis for (will not prevent) rheumatic fever. Dr. Carlisle said cortisone will 1. suppress the fever that is a symptom of rheumatic fever, and 2. help in preventing further injury to the heart and minimize the inflammation that is called carditis.

Dr. Carlisle emphasized the point that for rheumatic fever cortisone should be given for the full course of treatment. This will run from six to 12 weeks, depending on the patient. If treatment is stopped sooner, symptoms of the disease re-

**I**T is a grim medical joke, but it has an element of truth in it, that with cortisone and ACTH a doctor can keep his patient so seemingly healthy that the patient can walk to his own autopsy.

appear. His final word of warning was that large initial doses of cortisone should seldom be continued for more than a short time. Your doctor must refuse you, even though you may demand the larger doses for more comfort. And you might, if rheumatoid arthritis is stabbing your joints.

The other speaker at the meetings, Dr. Mote, gave the same advice to physicians about the use of ACTH. Overdoses of this drug, he said, could mask the symptoms of a secondary disease. For example, if you are taking large doses of ACTH for rheumatoid arthritis, you might have an attack of appendicitis with no warning. The usual fever and inflammation would not precede it.

"The goal in the clinical use of ACTH," said Dr. Mote, "is to use the minimum amount to keep the patient under reasonable clinical control rather than to use maximum amounts and obtain complete control and have no symptoms present."

ACTH cuts down the fatigue so commonly present in tuberculosis, rheumatic fever, and rheumatoid

arthritis. You feel fine, and are likely, without warning, to undertake exercise which can hurt you.

So you see, the power of ACTH and cortisone is this: they almost seem to allow you to go on and on in diseases which formerly would have put you flat on your back. If you get overdoses, you can, it seems, overcome all things except death. Pollen asthma is a remarkable instance. If you are such a sufferer, and take large doses of ACTH, you can sniff pollen right up your nose and have absolutely no spasm and asthmatic attack! The same thing is true for the poison of the black-widow spider, which has been known to cause death. The same applies to the reaction of rattlesnake venom. Dr. Mote continued with a discussion of the use of ACTH in severe frostbite. Here ACTH is a powerful diagnostic tool for the surgeon. He must perceive the line between your healthy tissue and destroyed tissue.

When ACTH is given, your frostbitten leg or arm swiftly indicates the point at which normal, healthy tissue stops. Everything above returns to normal appearance.

Dr. Mote said that ACTH can protect normal cells and allow them to function normally in the midst of a most abnormal environment. Normally they would be quickly injured or destroyed. The doctor using ACTH or cortisone can suppress the common symptoms of almost any disease. He can, if he wishes, make you comfortable and give you the illusion of health. But he will not except in an emergency.

The side symptoms of the drugs, such as roundness of the face and additional hair, can usually be controlled by reducing dosage. The vital problem, however, is with the patient who tolerates larger doses without minor side symptoms.

Nightmarish possibilities present themselves in considering ACTH or cortisone for troops in warfare. Could not troops going into battle be given injections of the drugs? Or be given hormonal pills to take if they are wounded? They would not only lack many symptoms of their injuries but they could go on fighting with little pain, shock or fever. They could be "hopped up" to the point where they would go on until they dropped dead!

### *Still No Room in the Inn*

AT a cost of millions of dollars, a generous U. S. has provided a 38-story building in New York to house the UN. But it seems the structure is too small to meet all the needs of those assembled ostensibly in the cause of world peace. Plans to designate one small room as a place for prayer and meditation are to be abandoned, it has been announced, because there is no place available.

Rochester Post-Bulletin (18 Oct. '51).

# The Pope Who Remains A Priest

By GRAHAM GREENE

Condensed from *Life*\*



**I**T is strange to come on a monument to a living man. But a close observer wandering in Rome would notice memorials to a man still living, Eugenio Pacelli. He would see them, in an obscure side street, on the wall of a house that has come down in the world—"In this house was born . . ."; in the hall of a school—"Student of this lyceum during the years . . ."; at the entrance of a church—"Here he meditated upon the choice of his vocation . . ."—Pope Pius XII mummified in marble before his death.

Our imaginary observer might well wonder. It is not enough to say that Pacelli is the Pope. There

have been so many Popes. They stretch away like a column of ants, busy about affairs that have often seemed to the world of small importance. An odd anonymity shrouds the greater number of them—we don't remember them as we remember kings, or even as we remember Presidents. Their titles, stiff and unoriginal, have a kind of textbook air. Pacelli becomes Pius XII and already he seems fixed on a page of history (rather dull history) with all the other Piuses (who were they?) fixed like a butterfly on cork, pinned out for dusty preservation.

A few Popes—even to such a Protestant schoolboy as I was—broke through their anonymity. Generally this happened because they clashed with kings or emperors who were the more interesting characters since they wore armor and swore great blinding oaths and made wars and memorable sayings. The only memorable saying of a Pope that we learned at school was far too smug—Gregory the Great remarking, "Not Angles but angels" at the sight of the young



blond British slaves. One remembered, too, Innocent III fulminating against King John, though his victory over the king seemed a bit underhand; corpses lying unburied because of the interdict did not seem to compare in chivalry with burning lead. The Emperor Henry knelt in the snow at Canossa and our sympathy was always with the emperor (already I have forgotten which was the Pope he knelt to). Pius V (was it?) excommunicated Queen Elizabeth. Pio Nono fled rather absurdly before the conquering army of Garibaldi and his romantic Red Shirts. And there were wicked Popes like Alexander VI (the Borgia).

In England in those days just after the 1st World War, one knew little about the living Pope. He was associated rather disagreeably with a peace offer the Allies had rejected. We were the victorious powers, or so we thought, so there was a somewhat disreputable air about premature peace offers, and in any case peace has small appeal to the young. Our history books dealt mainly with wars, and as for any peace that passes understanding, it was not in any university curriculum.

I don't think it ever occurred to us that the Pope was a priest, or that he could be a saint. A priest was a small, sour man in black who had a tin-roofed church in a back street of the country town where one lived; his congregation con-

sisted mainly, so one was told, of Irish servant girls, and he was never invited to dinner as the vicar was. But still he was a human being and had no connection with the outdated tiaraed ruler in Rome. I remember the shock of surprise at seeing a box inside a Roman Catholic church marked Peter's Pence—I thought that all that had been stopped some time in the Middle Ages, probably by King John.

BUT even later, when I became a Catholic, the Pope remained a distant hierarchic figure, and I imagine he remained so for many Catholics, until contemporary history began to break into our homes with the sound of explosives and the sight of refugees and the sudden uncertainty — where shall we be next year? The Pope became a man when we grew aware that he suffered from the same anxieties and tensions as ourselves, only infinitely extended by his responsibility and his solitude. When in 1922 Pius XI was elected on the 14th ballot, the Cardinal Primate of Hungary is reported to have said, "We have dragged Ratti through the 14 Stations of the Cross: now that he has arrived on Golgotha we leave him alone." For nearly 20 years we have become aware of the papacy as the point of suffering, the needle of pain; and a certain love always arises for the man who suffers. Pain makes an individual, whether it is a Chinese woman weeping for her

dead child or the patient figure in the hospital bed or this man in the Vatican.

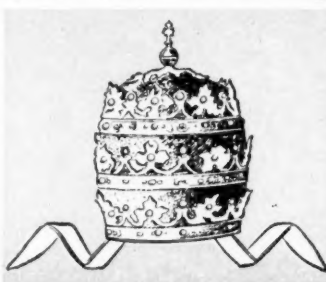
We have worked slowly forward in our knowledge of this one particular Pope, this priest, not so far removed from our parish priest, led against his inclination into a position of responsibility. But we cannot see him fully as an individual man unless we see him in relation to his immediate predecessors. They have all had the same aim: to be the servants of the servants of God, to serve the world, to temper the winds of hate, corruption, injustice, to give us such peace as it is possible to get here. Pacelli becomes individual when we see how he differs from the others in trying to attain this aim.

Since the days of Pius X, who was Pope when the 1st World War broke out, that word *peace* seems to chime through all the encyclicals and papal letters and speeches, as it chimes through the Mass—so that we become accustomed to it in its every declension: *pax, pacis, pacem*. When he was asked to bless some armaments, he replied, "War! I don't want war, I don't bless war, I bless only peace. Gladly I would sacrifice my life to obtain peace." A fortnight after war was declared he was dead.

Benedict XV, his

successor, whose peace proposals in 1917 were rejected, who was called Papa Bosch by the French and "the French Pope" by the Germans, said, "They want to silence me, but they shall not succeed in sealing my lips; nobody shall prevent me from calling to my own children, peace, peace, peace." And his successor, to whom he said these words, Pius XI, remarked to an English archbishop as the alignment for the new Hitlerian war became evident, "Peace is such a precious good that one should not fear to buy it even at the price of silence and concessions, although never at the price of weakness."

The world has darkened progressively since those days. Pius X was an old man ready to give his life, but a prayer is not always answered as we want it answered. Benedict believed in reasoned diplomacy and failed. Pius XI believed in a mixture of cunning and pugnacity, and he failed, too. Now a new note sounds from Pacelli, the man who was Pius XI's secretary of state and who from that inner position saw the cunning and pugnacity outwitted, and observed the limits of diplomacy. Isn't there a hint of despair, so far as this world is concerned, in Pacelli when he speaks of "Golgotha—that hill of long awaited peace be-



tween heaven and earth"? Sometimes we almost feel he is abandoning those vast hordes of people we call nations, the dealings with the war lords and dictators, and he seems like a parish priest in the confessional, a Curé d'Ars, to be concentrating on each individual, teaching the individual that peace can be found on Golgotha, that pain doesn't matter, teaching the difficult lesson of love, dwelling on the liturgy of the Church while the storm rages — for the storm will pass. In 1943, the year of the North African campaign and the final disaster to the Italian armies, he issued two encyclicals—on "The Mystical Body of Jesus Christ" and on "Biblical Studies." They must have seemed to the Italian people very far removed from their immediate worries, but those are the worries that pass, and the subject of the encyclicals goes on as long as human life.

And yet one cannot help exclaiming, "If only they were more readable, less staid, tight, pedantic in style!" I doubt whether many of the laity read these encyclicals, and yet they are addressed by form "to all the clergy and faithful." The abstract words, the sense of distance, the lack of fire make them rather like a somber editorial in a newspaper: the words have been current too long. There are no surprises. "As it is by faith that on this earth we adhere to God as the source of truth, so it is by virtue

of Christian hope that we seek Him as the source of beatitude." The words have no bite, no sting, no concrete image: we feel that a man is dictating to a dictaphone. Compare the encyclicals with such writing as the 16th century's St. Francis de Sales, using his chaste elephant or his bees as metaphors, arousing our attention with a startling image: "My tongue, while I speak of my neighbor, is in my mouth like a lancet in the hand of the surgeon, who wishes to make an incision between the nerves and sinews: the incision that I make with my tongue must be so exact that I say neither more nor less than the truth." In the encyclicals the incision has not been made: the words clothe the thought as stiffly as a plaster cast on an injured limb.

Not all the Popes have been quite so dry or cautious in their encyclicals. Pope Leo XIII in his *Rerum Novarum* wrote with a kind of holy savagery on the abuse of property (didn't the Bishop of San Luis Potosi in Mexico preserve the copies in his cellar till the revolution for fear of offending the rich?). And Pius XI, attacking the Hitlerian state in *Mit brennender Sorge*, allowed the personal tone of voice to be heard.

But a Pope, or a saint or a parish priest, is not necessarily a writer, and many, if not most, of Pacelli's encyclicals are not personally written by himself, only very carefully

revised and approved. One distinguished writer has compared the Pope's own style to the Roman fountains, formal even in their ornateness, the Latin words, colorless as water but pure and exact, falling with certainty into the ageless basins. Roman? Renaissance? Is his formality closer perhaps to music than literature? Bossuet, Dante, St. Augustine—these are among the very few literary references that occur in his writing, but he speaks with real understanding of music. Again one is reminded of many parish priests whose worldly interests seem narrowed by the love of God to a few books and the enjoyment of classical music.

This is the essential paradox in a Pope whom so many of us believe will rank among the greatest. Among the gossipers of Rome he is often described as a priest first and a diplomat afterwards. But how was it that with all his years of diplomatic travel—from Germany and Hungary to Argentina and the U.S.—he did not become a diplomat first and foremost?

Pacelli belongs to an aristocratic Roman family. Although his own inclinations seem to have been to ordinary parish work and to the confessional, he was steered by those who may have known his talents better from a very early period in his life as a priest toward an official career. His first major assignment was to the Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical

Affairs, dealing with problems of treaty-making and international affairs. But the paradox persisted: Pacelli combines his official work with pastoral work, just as still during his public audience he has been known to go into a corner of the audience at a peasant's request and hear his confession.

The ecclesiastical career drove steadily on: papal nuncio in Munich in 1917 so that he could act as intermediary for the Pope in the efforts to attain peace. Here he saw violent revolution for the first time when the communists broke into his palace. In 1919, with the formation of the German Republic, he became nuncio in Berlin, and later, when Hitler began his campaign for power, he maintained close ties with the Center party. (The leader of the Center party, now Monsignor Kaas, has remained the Pope's friend, is administrator of St. Peter's, and is responsible for the excavations under the Vatican which have disclosed the old Roman cemetery where St. Peter was buried. Monsignor Kaas has built the Pope a private staircase, so that he can make his way alone into these caverns and talk to the workmen. Walking among his tombs, Monsignor Kaas refers with affection to his friend, pointing a finger upwards—"Him up there.")

In 1929, when Pacelli left Germany, the inevitable cardinalate followed. The parish priest was doomed, you would have said, and

yet he obstinately stayed alive. We can hear him speaking in the words of Pacelli's farewell, so different from the formal encyclicals that were to follow. "I go the way in which God, by the mouth of the Pontiff, commands me to go. I go this way fully conscious of my weakness, believing in Him who uses the weak to put the strong to shame. What I was is nothing; what I am is little; but what I shall become is eternal." As Pius XI placed the red hat on Pacelli, he spoke the traditional words that in our day have taken on real significance: "Accept the red hat, a special sign of the cardinal's dignity. This means that you should be ready to shed your blood and to die, if need be, in the fearless defense of our holy faith, for the preservation of quiet and peace among the Christian people."

Only a little more than a month later he was appointed secretary of state to Pius XI, perhaps the most politically active Pope since the Middle Ages—the man who revived the Vatican State, who fought Mussolini so firmly that Mussolini rejoiced at his death, who began the struggle against Hitler not only by his encyclicals but by personal affront, leaving Rome when Hitler came there, and closing the Vatican museum, which Hitler had intended to visit. On his death bed in February, 1939, he finished his last

allocution—the final words written on the night he died, his last blow, it was to have been, so they say, at the totalitarian state.

THE new Pope as secretary of state had been very closely associated with his predecessor's policy, and his attitude to affairs in Germany was well known. At a party which he gave in Rome after his return from Germany, an old Conservative friend of his, the Marchese Patrici, was overheard by him to remark that it was a good thing Germany had a strong man now who would deal with the communists. Cardinal Pacelli turned on him. "For goodness' sake, Joseph," he said, "don't talk such nonsense. The nazis are infinitely worse." We can assume, therefore, that neither Hitler nor Musso-



lini was gratified when the conclave, breaking with a tradition of nearly 300 years, elected the secretary of state Pope in March, 1939, at the age of 63. Perhaps the foreign cardinals turned the balance in Pacelli's favor. He was almost the only cardinal they could have met personally.

For this is another paradox of the Pope—that this priest, whom I have heard described as a Franciscan by one who knows him well, is regarded as a very traveled, very modern man. There are the new gadgets of the Vatican, from the

white typewriter and the white telephone and the electric razor to the short-wave wireless station and the latest television equipment. But the television transmitter is not in operation and the programs of the much publicized Vatican radio consist of little more than astonishingly uninspired relays of editorials from the *Osservatore Romano* and local pieces of Catholic news.

As for travel, it is true that Pacelli moved about a good deal of the earth's surface before he became Pope, but it is a reasonable guess that the only two countries that made any deep impression on him were Germany and America.

His other travels have been widespread but brief, filled with the official duties of the Pope's representative: to the Eucharistic Congress at Buenos Aires in 1934; to Lourdes in 1935 on the 19th centenary of the Redemption; to Lisieux during France's Eucharistic Congress in 1937; and to the congress in 1938 at Budapest. How much during such journeys does the Pope's representative see? There is a passage in Tolstoy's *War and Peace* that describes the travels of an army. "A soldier on the march is hemmed in and borne along by his regiment as much as a sailor is by his ship, so the soldier always has around him the same comrades, the same sergeant major, the same company dog, and the same commanders." The papal secretary of state mov-

ing from country to country, Eucharistic Congress to Eucharistic Congress, always was hemmed in by the pack wagons of the Church, the dignitaries in skullcaps, the distant crowds that hide by their pious mass even the shape of the buildings.

One cannot believe that the journeys of Pacelli have influenced him much except in so far as they have driven him to learn many languages. One must not exaggerate his knowledge, however. We hear the gentle, precise voice speaking to us in English and we forget the strict limits of his vocabulary. He sends his blessings to our families "with deep affection"—that is a favorite phrase often repeated and emphasized—but inevitably he has to address the pilgrim in certain set formulas.

For the priest this is a smaller handicap than for the diplomat. A priest in the confessional, too, is apt to speak in formulas, but into the strait jacket of a limited vocabulary some priests are able to introduce an extraordinary intimacy, gentleness, a sense of love. That is Pius XII's achievement—if we can call the grace of great charity an achievement. We become aware that he loves the world as another man may love his only son. The enemies whom his predecessor pursued with such vigor he fights with the weapon of charity. In his presence one feels that here is a priest who is waiting patiently for the



moment of martyrdom, and his patience includes even the long-drawn conversations of the nuns who visit him. From another room one hears the long stream of aged feminine talk while the monsignors move restlessly in their scarlet robes, looking at their watches or making that movement of the hand to the chin forming an imaginary beard—which is the Latin way of exclaiming at a bore. Out comes the last nun, strutting away with the happy, contented smile of a woman who has said her say. And out from his inner room comes the Pope with his precise, vigorous step ready to greet the next unimportant stranger "with deep affection."

How endless these audiences must seem to him—private audiences to diplomats, authors, civil servants, the people "with a pull," public audiences to Italian cyclists, to actors, Boy Scouts, aircraft engineers, directors of American companies, Fiat workers, bankers, tram conductors. We seem to hear a village priest speaking, rather than the former nuncio and secretary of state, when he talks to the tram conductors and describes their own troubles to them. "He has to warn some passengers, to give advice to others, and in selling the tickets he usually has to give the change—a duty which complicates things still more. He must see to it that people enter by the rear door and leave by the front door and that they observe the smoking regulations."

How long is it since the Pope traveled in a tram? His description is so simple that we smile. "A duty which complicates things still more." We had not thought of the complication of change giving, but the conductors had, and the Pope.

One is reminded sometimes, in these addresses, of the controversy between Henry James and the popular Victorian novelist, Walter Besant. Besant had made fun at the notion of a woman writing a novel about men's affairs, and James replied that any girl with sufficient talent could write a novel about the brigade of guards after once looking through the window of the mess. It was a question of talent, not of knowledge. What is true of the writer is true of the priest, who from a hint in the confessional has to build his knowledge of a whole world outside his experience, and one finds in these private addresses of the Pope what one seldom finds in the encyclicals, an intuitive genius. For example, here is this celibate, this hermit buried in the Vatican cave addressing a special audience of newly married couples on the heroic energy required in everyday life, the boredoms and frustrations and torn nerves of two people living under one roof. "One should remember during a chilly dispute that it is better to keep quiet, to keep in check a complaint, or to use a milder word instead of a stronger because one knows that the stronger word, once it is out,

will relieve, it is true, the tension of the irritated nerves, but will also leave its darkening shadow behind."

Many soldiers, Allied and German, Protestants, atheists, Jews, had their audiences with the Pope during the war. The neutrality of the Vatican was rigidly guarded: Rome was protected from the Allies as from the Germans to the best of the Pope's ability, but soldiers of all sides were welcome as pilgrims. Many stories have been told of these wartime audiences. Here is one more.

While a London priest was making his rounds in his parish a year or two ago, a working man shouted to him from across the road that "his Pope" was the greatest man alive. The priest, who supposed the man was drunk, stopped and spoke to him since the view he had expressed was hardly common in that area. The man told him that he had lost his only son in the war and that they had been very attached to one another. The thought that he would never see him again was driving him crazy, for he had no religious faith to help him. He was in the army and went to the Vatican with a military party to see the Pope. As the Pope moved among them, chatting to this man and that, the father shouted after him. The Pope asked him what he wanted, and he said that he wanted to know if there was any hope of his seeing his son again. The Pope



replied that that was one of those short questions which required a long answer, and he told one of the attendants to bring the man to his private room after the audience. There he sat down and for an hour explained the reasons for believing in the immortality of the soul. The man left the Pope convinced—and happy.

This is the Pope whom most of us before the war regarded as a diplomat. Even his photographs, in which the eyes seem expressionless behind deep glasses and the thin lips suggest little sensitivity, seem to confirm the mental image of an ex-secretary of state. It is true he keeps that office in his own hands, assisted by Monsignor Montini, but one who has close knowledge of the Pope told me that diplomacy has little importance in his eyes. In the last 30 years the Pope has seen the consistent failure of diplomacy;

since he knew so well this world of ambassadors and ministers, he retains these contacts in his own hands much as a man keeps the trophies on his wall of a sport long abandoned. But he knows the world cannot be saved by diplomacy.

What can save it?

So much time for audiences public and private, so much time for work (the light in his study over St. Peter's burns till one in the morning), so much time like any other priest for his breviary—and in the background one is aware of the huge threatening world, the conferences in Moscow, the speeches at Lake Success, the troops pouring down in Korea. He presses into one more visitor's hand a little green envelope with the papal arms containing a small nickel holy medal. Can this Thing—so defenseless it seems—survive?

Every morning at breakfast the Pope lets loose his two canaries and his favorite bird—a small bird with a green breast—I don't know its name. They walk over the table pecking at his butter, and his favorite takes crumbs from between his fingers and perches on the white shoulder. "He talks to children," my informant said, "as though they were his birds and to his birds as though they were children." That was why he has been called Franciscan, and the Franciscans next to the Jesuits are his favorite Order. Even in this short period of relaxation he seems to be making a hier-

atic gesture symbolizing charity. If a man loves enough, every act will represent his love.

I HAVE said he gives the impression of a man patiently waiting for martyrdom. He has already barely escaped it. At his coronation the German ambassador was heard to remark, "Very moving and beautiful, but it will be the last." And a moment came during the war, under the German occupation, when the end was expected. Hitler was said to have uttered the threat that he would raze the Vatican to the ground, and it is certainly true that Monsignor Kaas received orders one day to produce a plan for summoning the ambassadors of the powers at a moment's notice to St. Peter's so that the Pope if necessary might make an announcement of grave importance. But the threat of exile or death passed. Now again the danger threatens. The Church's borders are widespread in Poland and Korea, but war travels fast these days. Hitler was handicapped by the presence of the Church in Germany: in Russia the Church has only a few hunted priests.

Sometimes a Pope can be known by the saints he canonizes. This Pope's predecessor, Pius XI, the pugnacious priest, canonized Thomas More and John Fisher, overruling the requirements of miracles: they were men who fought the totalitarian state of their day. But Pacelli has canonized the child

Maria Goretti, who died forgiving her murderer.

It is a long time since a Pope has awaked, even in those of other faiths, such a sense of closeness.

Pius XII gives no automatic benediction, though there are still dim depths, one feels, in the Vatican in spite of the Roman sunshine glinting on the Orders and the swords as one is sieved from one audience chamber to another by the scarlet flunkies. The huge civil service has to go on functioning, and sometimes in our irritation at its slowness, its caution or its pedantry, we may feel that it is obscuring the white-clothed man at the center.

ONE visitor replying to a polite formal inquiry of the Pope said that there were two Masses he would always remember. One was at 5:30 in the morning, at a side altar in the small Franciscan monastery of San Giovanni Rotondo, in the bleak southern province of Apulia: the Host was raised in the hands of Padre Pio — the aged, bearded priest whose hands are famed through the Catholic world for the black, ugly dried patches of the stigmata that they bear. The other memorable Mass was the Pope's Jubilee Mass in Rome—the

enormous crowd pressed into St. Peter's, and men and women cheering and weeping as the Pope passed up the nave, boys flinging their scout hats into the air: the fine transparent features like those on a coin, going by, the hand raised in a resolute blessing, the smile of "deep affection," and later the Pope alone at the altar, when the cardinals who served him had stepped aside, moving with grace and precision through the motions of the Mass, doing what every priest does every day, the servant of the servants of God, and not impossibly, one feels, a saint.

But how much more difficult sanctity must be under the Michelangelo frescoes, among the applauding crowds, through the daily audiences than in the stony fields of Apulia where the saintly priest, Pio, is confined. It is the strength of the Church in Italy that it can produce such extremes, and exactly the same thought came to one while kneeling among a dozen women in the early morning in the Franciscan monastery — or while pressed among the cheering crowds in St. Peter's. It was not after all the question—can this Thing survive? It was—how can this Thing ever be defeated?

"Can people get along without religion, grandpa?"

"People can get along without eyes, son, but they can't see."

Joe David Brown in *Stars in My Crown*.

# BOOKS

## OF CURRENT INTEREST

The Desert of Love, *François Mauriac*. Translated by Gerard Hopkins, New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy, 214 pp. \$3.

The End of the Affair, *Graham Greene*, New York: Viking Press, 240 pp. \$3.

Life is not all Daisy Mae, as Lil' Abner can tell you. There is Fearless Fosdick and the Skonk Factory, and there are a thousand other facets of satire, which in their diamond mirrors refract the inconsistencies of life. Today the difference between parable and reality is seldom detected, and it is not strange that some reviewers have misapprehended the scope and intent of Mauriac's *Desert of Love*.

It is abysmally easy to call it a case history of a particular love affair. Looking at it in this light there is much in it to teeter the cautious. A father and son in love with the same woman? That, if one saw no more than the surface of such a story, would seem to smack of mental polyandry. Yet Mauriac himself in a recent interview, calls *The Desert of Love* a "characteristic work," and so it is when we scrutinize it in the light of Mauriac's later novels. *Vipers' Tangle* unmasks a family greed for gain. *A Woman of The Pharisees* demol-

ishes the pious façade at the front of an urge for power. They are parables of life, family life. *The Desert of Love*, too, is a parable of family life and bourgeois love. Dr. Courrège and his son Raymond are in love with the same woman, Maria Cross, the mistress of a French tycoon. The encounter deforms both men: the doctor gives up his scientific research for a time and becomes an embittered husk of a man, the son is changed into a gigolo. Maria remains constant to herself, a reluctant courtesan who can communicate to men nothing but her own frustrations and enormous aridity. All the minor characters in the story add further ironic touches to the hideous portrait of bourgeois love: the mother of Raymond who hates her son and bores her spouse, the properly married daughter and her husband living together between the bed and the table. All cry out, "Love, love," but there is no love—only a sprawling emptiness in which marionettes posture in an eternity of barren lust of mind or body. The whole novel is beautifully planned and it is executed in a radiance of language which makes its characters and scenes linger in the memory. The sense of futility evoked, the ironic

interweaving of human ideals, impulses, and desires are Mauriac at his best.

A new novel by Graham Greene is nearly always an important event. *The End of The Affair* nicely fills the bill and fits the category. The plot of the story is a complicated business. Sarah, the woman in the case, is married to Henry Miles, a "senior civil servant," or, as we would say in our jargon, "an important government employee" in the Ministry of Pensions. Maurice Bendrix, a famous novelist, strikes up an acquaintance with Henry for the purpose of obtaining copy for one of his projected novels. Instead, he finds himself involved in a compelling love affair with Sarah. Bendrix wishes her to leave Henry and go away with him. She is reluctant at first, but as her love of Bendrix grows Sarah realizes that she does love Maurice in much the same fashion that most people love God. While Sarah and Maurice are spending a day together in his rooms, a buzz-bomb hits the house and both are knocked unconscious. When Sarah revives, she sees the hand of Maurice protruding from a fallen door. In her anguish she prays, and promises God that if Maurice returns to life she will give him up. Maurice revives. Sarah keeps her promise and sees him no more. Out of the sheer hate engendered by the refusal, Maurice seeks the help of Parkis, a detective. He is engaged to shad-

ow Sarah. The man achieves positive results, chief of which is the theft of Sarah's diary. It contains the record of her love affair with Maurice and her love affair with God. Triumphant in the knowledge that Sarah does love him above everyone in the world, Maurice tries to force her to go away with him. He finds her ill, and after a tempestuous appeal to her in the evening darkness of a Catholic church he is stunned a few days later to learn that Sarah is dead. Moved by hatred of everyone, but of God most of all, Maurice persuades Henry to cremate Sarah, though he knows she would have wanted Catholic burial. A somewhat "contrived" miracle and the knowledge, communicated to Maurice by Sarah's mother, that her daughter was baptized a Catholic in childhood move Maurice to proclaim his hatred of God, which, it is obvious, has progressed to the faint verge of ultimate belief and love.

The story is a powerful one. The mere recounting of the plot conveys only the slightest measure of its altitude and depth. It is the overtones of the work which produce both its dissonances and ultimate splendor of harmony.

The graceful economy of style is the old Greene at the top of his form, but there is fresh humor and a touch of Dickens in the character of Parkis, undoubted evidence of new growth and strength in an



already top-flight novelist. Strangely enough, *The End of The Affair* complements *The Desert of Love*. In Book III of Greene's novel, Sarah talks a great deal about her desert of love. Absence of the loved one is the desert, in much the same fashion that absence from God is hell. The only affair never ending

is the love of God. All other loves find completeness, continuity, and fulfillment in it. M. Mauriac states the problem of bourgeois love, Graham Greene solves it without adding anything so obvious as Q.E.D. No baker's dozen of famous preachers deploy such heavenly artillery.

## BOOKS SELECTIONS OF CATHOLIC CHILDREN'S BOOK CLUB

147 E. 5TH ST., ST. PAUL 1, MINN.

(Subscribers to this club may purchase at a special discount.)

Picture Book Group—6 to 9. If Jesus Came to My House, by Joan Gale Thomas (Lothrop, \$1), and Red Head, by Edward Eager, (Houghton, \$1.25).

Intermediate—9 to 12. Saint Santa Claus, by Ruth Rounds (Dutton, \$2.25).

Boys—12 to 16. Three Golden Nobles, by Christine Price (Longmans, \$2.75).

Girls—12 to 16. Tomorrow's Memories, by Joseph D. Ayd, (Dodd, Mead, \$2.50).

Knowledge Builders. Minn of the Mississippi, by Holling C. Holling (Houghton, \$3).

## Rhapsody in Chimes

ANYONE who listens to the Cathedral chimes in Erie, Pa., will never forget them. They play the eight familiar notes from the famous *Rhapsody in Blue*. As those particular notes are among the best known in music, you hear the chimes the first time with a start of wonder. From that time on you find yourself humming the melody.

Yet the chimes had been chiming those notes for years before Gershwin wrote them into his *Rhapsody*. There is a local tradition that the composer spent a night in an Erie hotel, and carried away subconsciously the memory of that lovely line of melody. Probably apocryphal. Nonetheless, Bishop Gannon, when he gave the bell molders the notes he wanted his chimes to ring, was anticipating Gershwin by many years.

From *Along the Way* by Daniel A. Lord, S.J. (N.C.W.C.) 13 Oct. '51.

**Story  
Without  
Words**

Photos by Black Star

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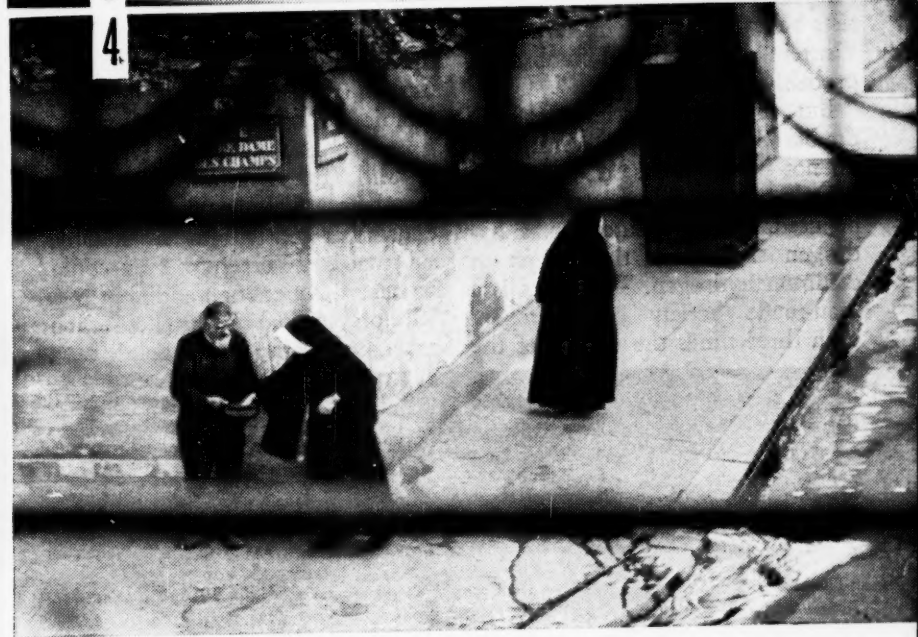
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*We probably can make a bomb capable of destroying all living things.  
So can Russia*

## Do We Want the H-Bomb?

By WILLIAM L. LAURENCE

Condensed from a book\*

**C**AN the hydrogen bomb actually be made? If so, how soon? How much will it cost? If made, is it worth it?

Prof. Robert F. Bacher, of the California Institute of Technology, a chief architect of the A-bomb, points out that the President has directed the Atomic Energy commission to continue H-bomb development. Many eminent physicists believe it can be made. Albert Einstein regards the H-bomb as "a probably attainable goal."

But some great scientists have doubts. Some think its advantages do not justify the cost.

Only two possible materials could be used. One is deuterium, a hydrogen with twice the weight of common hydrogen. The other is a man-made variety of hydrogen, with three times the weight of the

lightest variety, known as tritium. To explode either deuterium or tritium a temperature measured in millions of degrees is required. Such heat is attainable only in the explosion of an A-bomb. An A-bomb must be used to set the H-bomb off.

One other difficulty is the extremely short time in which the H-bomb must be kindled with the A-bomb match. Dr. Robert A. Millikan believes it is too short. He thinks the A-bomb match will be burned out before we can light the atomic fire of the H-bomb.

Let's look at the details. Dr. Bacher told Los Angeles Town Hall members, "The heavy hydrogens, deuterium and tritium, are suitable substances if somehow they could be heated hot enough and kept hot. The problem is a little like the job of making a fire at 20° below zero



\*The Hell Bomb. Copyright, 1950, by the Curtis Publishing Co. Copyright, 1950, by the author. Reprinted with permission of Alfred A. Knopf, publishers, New York City. 198 pp. \$2.75.

in the mountains with green wood covered with ice, and with very little kindling. Today, scientists think such a fire can probably be kindled. Once you get the fire going, you can pile on the wood and make a big conflagration. In the same way, with the hydrogen bomb more heavy hydrogen can be used and a bigger explosion obtained. It is an open-ended weapon, meaning that more materials can be added and a bigger explosion obtained."

To ignite deuterium, the cheaper and more abundant of the two elements, heat comparable to that inside the sun is necessary. In the explosion of an A-bomb this has been best attained. The wartime A-bombs generated a temperature of about 50 million degrees C. But only for a very short time interval. In a millionth of a second (microsecond), the A-bomb flies apart. We must make our green, ice-covered wood catch fire in the subzero mountain weather before our "very little kindling" is burned up. Deuterium gas takes 128 seconds to ignite at a temperature of 50 million degrees C., well above 100 million times longer than the time in which our little kindling is used up. Deuterium as a gas is out.

How about liquid (denser) deuterium? If the deuterium is made 10 times as dense it will ignite 100 times faster. Liquid deuterium has a density nearly 800 times that of the gas.

Liquid deuterium would ignite

640,000 times faster than gaseous deuterium. The ignition time for liquid deuterium at 50 million degrees will be 200 microseconds. But it is still 200 times longer than the time in which our kindling is consumed. The problem is to get a hotter A-bomb explosion.

Can we increase the A-bomb's temperature fourfold to 200 million degrees? Can we make time stand still while our A-bomb holds together for nearly five millionths of a second? What happens inside the A-bomb during the infinitesimal interval in which it comes to life?

This life history is an incredible tale. The explosion takes place through a kind of spontaneous combustion as soon as a certain minimum amount (critical mass) of either one of two fissionable (combustible) elements, uranium 235 or plutonium, is assembled in one unit. The most obvious way is to fire two pieces of uranium 235 (U-235), or plutonium, each less than a critical mass, into each other with a gun mechanism. Thus we create a critical mass at the last moment. If the critical mass at which spontaneous combustion takes place is ten kilograms (the actual figure is a top secret), then the firing of a piece of one kilogram into another of nine kilograms would bring together a critical mass that would explode faster than the eye could wink. It would explode some thousands of times faster than TNT.

An ordinary fire needs oxygen.

An atomic fire needs the powerful atomic particles known as neutrons. Unlike oxygen, neutrons are not found in a free state. Their location is the nuclei, or hearts, of the atoms. We need a single neutron to start things going. We can produce it. This neutron can come from the nucleus of an atom in the atmosphere, or inside the bomb, shattered by a powerful cosmic ray that comes from outside the earth. An emanation from some radio-active element in the atmosphere, or from one introduced into the body of the bomb, may split the first U-235 or plutonium atom, knock out two neutrons, and thus start a chain reaction of self-multiplying neutrons.

To understand this chain reaction requires only a little arithmetic. The first atom we split ordinarily releases two neutrons. These split two atoms, which release four neutrons. These split four atoms, which release eight neutrons. The progression doubles itself at each successive step. Arithmetic shows that anything multiplied by two at every step will reach 1,000 (in round numbers) in the first ten steps. It will multiply itself by 1,000 at every ten steps thereafter, reaching a million in 20 steps, a billion in 30, a trillion in 40, and so on. After 70 productions of self-multiplying neutrons 2 billion trillion (2 followed by 21 zeros) atoms have been split.

We are now ready to believe what seems unbelievable. The time

it takes to split these 2 billion trillion atoms is no more than one millionth of a second (one micro-second).

This unimaginable figure of 2 billion trillion atoms represents the splitting (explosion) of no more than one gram ( $\frac{1}{16}$ th of an ounce) of U-235, or plutonium. The energy released in the splitting of one gram equals the explosive force of 20 tons of TNT, or two old-fashioned blockbusters. After the A-bomb reaches a power of 20 tons of TNT, it has to be kept together long enough to increase its power a thousandfold to 20,000 tons. This requires only ten more steps. The ten final crucial steps make all the difference between a most miserable \$2-billion fiasco, and an atomic bomb equal in power to 2,000 blockbusters.

A bomb, to multiply itself from 20 to 20,000 tons in ten steps by doubling its power at every step, has to pass successively the stages of 40, 80, 160, 320, and so on, until it reaches an explosive power of 2560 tons at the seventh step. Yet it must be held together for three more steps. Meanwhile, it must reach the enormous power of 5,000, then 10,000 tons, of TNT without exploding. In making the A-bomb, this was the great problem the scientists faced.

Here was an irresistible force. How surround it with an immovable body, at least a body immovable long enough for the chain



reaction to take just ten additional steps following the first 70? Only one fact of nature makes the solution possible. The last ten steps from 20 to 20,000 tons take only one-tenth of a millionth of a second. The problem was to find a body that would remain immovable against an irresistible force for no longer than .01 of a microsecond, 100 billionths of a second.

Such a body is known as a "tamper." It pits inertia against an irresistible force that builds up in 100 billionths of a second from an explosive power of 20 tons of TNT to 20,000 tons. The very inertia of the tamper delays the expansion of the active substance and makes for a longer-lasting, more energetic, and more efficient explosion. The tamper must be of very high density. Gold has the fifth highest density of any element, and use of part of our huge gold hoard at Fort Knox was once seriously considered.

A-bombs of the Hiroshima or Nagasaki types generate a temperature of about 50 million degrees. It would take fully 200 microseconds to ignite at that temperature. It is one thing to make a tamper to hold back a force of 20 tons for 100 billionths of a second, and let it build up to 20,000 tons. It is another to devise an immovable body to hold back 20,000 tons for an interval 2,000 times larger, particularly when in another tenth of a microsecond the irresistible force would increase

again by 1,000 to 20 million tons. Obviously this is impossible. If it were possible, we would not need an H-bomb.

Our present A-bomb has six times the effectiveness of the bomb dropped over Nagasaki. Tamper delay the new A-bombs long enough to fission two, four, or even eight times as many atoms as in wartime models. But, since the ten final steps require an average of only 10 billionths of a second per step, to increase the power even to 160,000 tons (eight times the power of the Hiroshima type) would take only three steps (2-4-8), in an elapsed time of no more than 30 billionths of a second. If the improved bomb generates a temperature of 200 million degrees, it would still be too cold to ignite the deuterium during its brief existence. It would take 4.8 microseconds to ignite it at that temperature. Calculations indicate a required temperature of 400 million degrees to ignite deuterium in the time the improved A-bomb holds together, 1.2 microseconds.

Thus, even liquid deuterium is out of the question. For entirely different reasons tritium alone is not feasible. Most important is the staggering cost. Each unit would cost 80 times that amount in plutonium. Eighty times as many neutrons are required in fission, and the rate of delay of the element greatly exceeds plutonium. Tritium is completely out of the picture.

If these are the only two substances that can possibly be used, isn't all this talk about a super-bomb sheer moonshine?

Let us go back to the man in the mountains, confronted with the problem of lighting a fire with green, ice-covered wood at 20° below with very little kindling. Obviously he would freeze were it not for one little item he had almost forgotten. Somewhere in his belongings is a container filled with gasoline. It increases the inflammability of the wet wood to the point at which it will catch fire with a quantity of kindling that would otherwise be much too small.

Something like that is true with the H-bomb. A mixture of deuterium and tritium is the most highly inflammable atomic fuel on earth. It yields 3.5 times the energy of deuterium and about twice the energy of tritium when they are burned individually. Most important of all, the deuterium-tritium mixture, known as D-T, ignites much faster than either deuterium or tritium by themselves. For example, the D-T combination ignites 25 times faster than deuterium alone at a temperature of 100 million degrees.

The published data show that at a temperature of 50 million degrees the D-T mixture ignites in only 10 microseconds, or 20 times faster than deuterium alone. At 75 million degrees it takes only 3 microseconds, as against 40 for deuteri-

um. At 100 million degrees it needs only 1.2 microseconds to catch fire, only 0.1 microsecond longer than it took the wartime A-bomb to fly apart. Since that held together for 1.1 microseconds at a temperature of about 50 million degrees it is reasonable to assume the improved models generate a temperature at least twice as high. This is done by holding them together for about 1.2 microseconds. Thus a relatively small amount of a deuterium-tritium mixture will serve as super-kindling for the superexplosion.

We are revealing no real secrets here. Our data are known to scientists everywhere, including Russia. It is no secret from the Russians, whom the archtraitor Fuchs gave details still classified top secret. The American people are entitled to the known facts, so vital to intelligent understanding of one of their most important problems.

A deuterium bomb with a D-T booster would become a certainty if the temperature of the A-bomb trigger could be raised to 150 million or, better still, to 200 million degrees.

How much tritium would be needed for the kindling? Would 30 grams be enough? We shall probably not know until we actually try it. It will largely depend on the temperature generated by our more powerful A-bomb models. In any case, it seems logical to expect that a mixture of 150 grams of tritium and 100 grams of deuterium,

which would release an energy equal to that of the Hiroshima bomb, should do the job with time to spare.

Can the H-bomb *actually* be made? A large deuterium bomb using a reasonably small amount of a deuterium and tritium mixture as extra kindling is both possible and feasible.

We now stand on solid ground in dealing with the questions of cost and of the time needed to get into production. Will the H-bomb, if made, add enough to our security to make the effort worth while?

The H-bomb needs an A-bomb to set it off. We have a sizable stockpile. It needs large quantities of deuterium. The deuterium plants built during the war should supply our needs. Since it comes from water, the raw material costs nothing. The item of cost is the electric power needed for the concentration process. This should not be above \$100 per kilogram, and probably less. The third vital ingredient, tritium, can be made in the giant plutonium plants at Hanford, Wash. Thus all the essential ingredients of the H-bomb, the costliest and those taking longest to produce, as well as the multimillion-dollar plants required are at hand.

As far as essential materials are concerned, we are ready now. It would require hardly any new appropriations by Congress.

An H-bomb concentrates the power of 30 A-bombs. It can burn

an area of more than 1,200 square miles at one blow. It would be a tremendous tactical weapon against a huge land army scattered over many miles. It would have an enormous psychological effect against such an army.

More important, the H-bomb could poison large areas with deadly clouds of radioactive particles. It is a monstrous fact that an H-bomb incorporating one ton of deuterium, encased in a shell of cobalt, would liberate 250 lbs. of neutrons, which would create 15,000 lbs. of highly radioactive cobalt, equivalent in their deadliness to 4,800,000 lbs. of radium. Such bombs, according to Prof. Harrison Brown, University of Chicago nuclear chemist, could be set on a north-south line in the Pacific, 1,000 miles west of California. "The radioactive dust would reach California in about a day, and New York in four or five days, killing most life as it traversed the continent."

"Similarly," Professor Brown stated in the *American Scholar*, "the Western powers could explode H-bombs on a north-south line about the longitude of Prague, which would destroy all life within a strip 1,500 miles wide, extending from Leningrad to Odessa, and 3,000 miles deep, from Prague to the Ural mountains. Such an attack would produce a 'scorched earth' of an extent unprecedented in history."

Prof. Leo Szilard, one of the

principal architects of the A-bomb, has estimated that 400 one-ton deuterium bombs would release enough radioactivity to extinguish all life on earth. Professor Einstein has publicly stated that the H-bomb, if successful, will bring the annihilation of all life on earth within the range of technical possibilities. The question we must therefore ask ourselves is: can we allow Russia to be the sole possessor of such a weapon?

Russia is already at work on an H-bomb. Like ourselves, she already has the plutonium plants for producing both A-bombs and tritium. She can produce deuterium in the same quantities as we can. In Prof. Peter Kapitza she has the world's greatest authority on liquid hydrogen.

Furthermore, she has great incentives, to produce H-bombs. Since she is still behind us in her A-bomb stockpile, she can, in a sense, catch up much more quickly by converting her fewer A-bombs into H-bombs that would be the equivalent of ten to 30 A-bombs each, thus increasing the power of her stock-

pile ten to 30 times. Equally if not more important from Russia's point of view is the stark fact that an H-bomb could be much more easily exploded near a coastal city from a submarine or innocent-looking tramp steamer, since most of our great cities are on the seacoast, whereas Russia has practically no coastal cities.

Even if we openly announced that we would not make any H-bombs, it would not deter Russia from making them as fast as she could, not only because she would not believe us but also because her sole possession would greatly weigh the scales in her favor. If, God forbid, she finds herself one day with a stockpile of H-bombs when we have none, she would be in a position to send us an ultimatum similar to the one we sent to the Japanese after Hiroshima, "Surrender or be destroyed!"

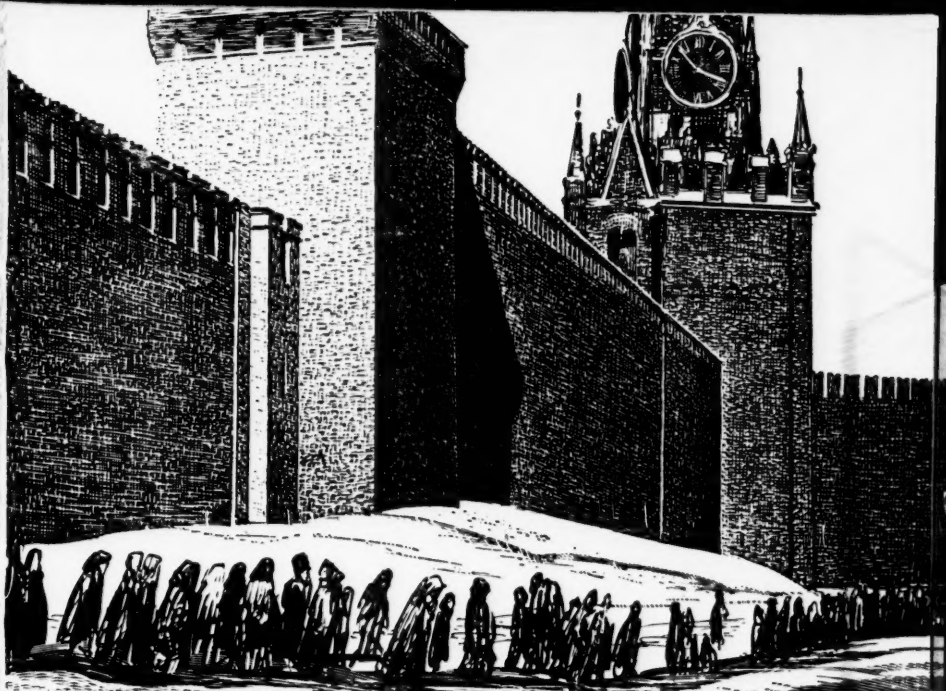
Valuing their liberty more than their lives, the American people will never surrender. But while there is time, would anyone advocate that we run the risk of ever facing such a choice?

**A** sick Polish peasant went to a doctor and asked what he should do to stay alive. "In the first place," said the doctor, "be sure and sign the peace petition."

Warsaw Szpilki.

**P**ROBABLY the hardest directory to keep up to date is the Russian *Who's Who*.

Dan Bennett.



## Cracks in the Kremlin Wall

By EDWARD CRANKSHAW

Condensed from a book\*

*Russia is the nub of foreign affairs today. Edward Crankshaw, noted English historian and novelist, has excited international attention by his unusual analysis of the Soviet. Crankshaw is a leading authority on contemporary Russia. He was attached to the British military mission to Moscow from 1941 to 1943, and has studied Russia for many years.*

**I**N 1941 the Soviet Union was all but defeated by Germany. Stalin knows this. This was a disgrace to Russia, a nation of 180 millions which for 12 years had put almost all its en-

ergies and substance into preparing for defensive war. Stalin knows this too.

He also knows the reason for it. Indeed, he expected it to happen. That is why he went to great

\*Cracks in the Kremlin Wall. Copyright, 1951, by the author. Reprinted with permission of the Viking Press, New York City. 279 pp. \$3.50.

lengths to placate the nazi beast—and then, by the ineptitude of his diplomacy, goaded it into attacking sooner than it had planned.

The documents leave little doubt that a Hitler victorious over England would sooner or later have gone for the Ukraine. But the same documents show that what set him off in 1941 was the claustrophobic feeling of being crowded and pushed about induced by Soviet pressure in Bessarabia. That pressure in Rumania was the outcome of an obsession with security to the point of mania. The Kremlin could not leave well enough alone. The more it changes the more it is the same. Stalin does not know this.

Stalin knew that he would have trouble if Hitler invaded Russia. Stalin had driven his people too hard. When the nazis invaded White Russia and the Ukraine they were welcomed as liberators. The people did not merely salute their conquerors with bread and salt; they sided against the Red army. I am not talking now about the active Ukrainian separatists, who deserted to the Germans. I am talking about the ordinary villagers. And I am not citing the evidence of refugees and deserters. I am citing the evidence of soldiers of the Red army who were appalled at what the villagers did to them as they tried to fight rear-guard actions.

The Germans showed, however,

that they were worse than the communists. Germany lost the war with Russia through the policy of Herr Rosenberg. He demanded fire and terror against the Russian population. So the Ukrainians and White Russians began to fight back as partisans. The terrible cold of the early winter then caught the Germans unprepared as they overreached themselves before the gates of Moscow. The same thing happened all over again in 1942 at Rostov. But the Russians in the South learned their lesson too, and fought back at Stalingrad. On both occasions it was touch and go; and it was thus because the people had had enough of Stalin.

Now the whole tragic business is being repeated. Stalin challenged the West not because he wanted to conquer the West. He had enough on his plate already: he was having great difficulty with the people in his existing zone of influence. He wanted to gain time. He wanted one more short, convulsive effort, to build up the Soviet Union and his protective zone at leisure. If he could not raise the standard of living in Russia to the level of the West, he could at least reduce the standard of living of the West. Thus he would incapacitate it as a military threat.

He has failed. Eighteen months of the Marshall Plan restored production of Western Europe to pre-war level. At the same time, Stalin continued his inept foreign policy.



By this, above all by the attack on South Korea, Stalin has driven America into a radical expansion of her economy, based on a vast rearmament program. Now the Kremlin has ranged against itself the physical might of most of the rest of the world. It has also removed all danger for some time to come of the catastrophic American slump upon which it had pinned its hope. Also, in direct contrast to the returning prosperity of Western Europe, the "people's democracies" in the East are being impoverished by the incessant drain of their substance into the Soviet Union. The Kremlin sought a belt

of friendly nations. Those would work eagerly toward their own brands of socialism and would be linked by bonds of trade, self-interest, and genuine Slav feeling with their great neighbor. Instead, all the Kremlin can claim is a hot-bed of present trouble and potential disaster precariously held down by the threat of Soviet might, reinforced by the fear of an avenging Germany.

INDEED, the only assets which now remain to the Kremlin, apart from the size, potential richness, and geographical position of the Soviet Union, are six. 1. The bewilderment and the hatred of war and injustice of the peoples of the West. 2. Progress of communism in Asia, allied with the profound revulsion of the traditional underdog against all alien rule. 3. Existence of a disciplined 5th column in every country of the West, disguised from its members as a branch of the Communist party and from outsiders as a humanitarian revolutionary movement. 4. Immediate striking power of the Soviet army. 5. Ignorance and powers of endurance of the Russian people. 6. The Kremlin's absolute lack of scruple.

The bewilderment of the peoples of the West is a matter which should be under our control. It exists. Also, it is being powerfully exploited by the Kremlin, above all through the fraudulent peace

### *Even So a Century Ago*

Do you know what the walls of the Kremlin mean? This word *walls* gives the idea of something too ordinary, too paltry; it misleads you. The walls of the Kremlin are a chain of mountains. This citadel built at the frontier of Europe and Asia is to ordinary ramparts what the Alps are to our hills in France. The Kremlin is the Mount Blanc of fortresses. If the giant one calls the Russian Empire had a heart, I would say that the Kremlin is the heart of this monster: it is its head.

*The Journals of the Marquis de Custine. Written in 1839, edited 1951 by Phyllis Penn Kohen as Journey For Our Times.*

campaign. However, it should not exist, and we ourselves have the power to end it. The progress of communism in Asia is certainly not a matter under our control, although we can do a great deal to check it. But it is scarcely more under the Kremlin's control. The Kremlin is commonly supposed to derive great comfort from the revolution in China. This revolution will stand or fall by the success or failure of Mao Tse-tung. It will stand if he stabilizes that chaotic land and turns it into a coherent power. Yet for Russia the idea of a strong, unified China must be today, as it has been for the last 100 years, a vivid nightmare. China stands against her longest and more vulnerable land frontier.

This does not alter a certain fact. For some time to come the appeal of the communist movement, as symbolized by Stalin or Mao, or both, will play havoc with American, British, Dutch, and French interests in Asia.

Existence of a disciplined 5th column in all non-communist countries is a powerful asset only partly under the Kremlin's control. Its effectiveness depends on matters under our own control. Its existence depends on the ability of the Kremlin to continue duping its members. Already there are signs of some disintegration from within. Key members belatedly awakened to the fate in store for them should they ever succeed in

carrying out a revolution in their own countries. They then gather the courage to resign. Their fate, of course, will be that of Rajk of Hungary, Kostov of Bulgaria, Clementis of Czechoslovakia, Gomulka of Poland, and of a host of smaller figures in the satellites. They were not content that their party and country should be degraded to the position of a mindless tool of Russian imperialism.

The remaining three assets—the immediate striking power of the Soviet army, the ignorance and capacity for endurance of the Russian people, and the unscrupulousness of the Soviet government—are the only three which can be said to be wholly under the Kremlin's control.

On paper, the Soviet army is overwhelming. Nobody knows its real strength; but it is commonly accepted now that it consists of something under 3 million men and has in being 175 divisions. I do not believe that the Kremlin does have 175 complete divisions on a war footing. I do not believe that there are enough senior NCO's and middle-grade officers (majors and colonels) to staff so many divisions and at the same time attend to training of the great mass of short-term conscripts. Those conscripts include a high proportion of scarcely literate young peasants. The demand for such skilled men is far larger than the supply. Industry

screams for them and does not get them. During the discussion of the 1950 budget in the Supreme Soviet, minister after minister was castigated for short production. Each indicted the Ministry of Higher Education and the Ministry of Labor Reserves for their continued failure to produce in sufficient numbers skilled overseers and technicians. It was not the fault of the wretched scapegoats; the material did not exist.

In 1947, I recall, most individuals in the white-collar classes in Russia were doing two or three separate jobs. They were working up to 18 hours a day. They had to, to supplement their rations with purchases in the free "commercial shops." They were able to do this only because the demand for their skill was so great. During the war my own opposite number, a middle-grade staff officer in the Soviet War Office, had to divide his time between three distinct appointments. He was a GSO on the General Staff, and every week he spent three or four days supervising analogous departments at army group and army headquarters in the field.

But even allowing the official Western estimate of 175 divisions to be correct, what sort of force does this make? In the first place, remember that the Soviet division is small. It has some 10,000 men, or about half the number of the ordinary British division. Thus, 175 Soviet divisions are the equivalent



of some 90 British or American divisions. This is still a great many, but is it, seen from the Kremlin, as excessive as it seems to us in the West?

The Red army's size is bound up with that of the Soviet Union. Russia occupies one-sixth of all the land in the world, and has long and vulnerable land frontiers. These frontiers, particularly the one with China, cannot possibly be fortified along their whole length. They call for spaced concentrations of troops all round the vast perimeter. The size of the problem from the point of view of the Soviet General Staff is clearly indicated by the present breakdown of the Soviet forces into self-contained armies. Each, as far as is possible, draws its supplies from industrial areas in its immediate rear. There are six of these commands: the Northern army, based on Leningrad; the Western army, based on Minsk; the Southern army, based on Odessa; the Caucasian army, based on Tiflis; the Turkistan army, based on Tashkent

and Frunze; and the Far Eastern army, based on Chita and Vladivostok. The reputed 175 divisions, equal to 90 of ours, have to be shared out between these widely spaced commands, leaving a strong force over for Germany and Austria.

We talk about the advantages of interior lines. Certainly Hitler, sitting in Berlin, was able to make the most of these advantages during the last war. But interior lines in the Soviet Union are another matter. Those immense distances are linked by still inadequate railways and next to no good roads. So the task of switching divisions from one front to another is not easy. While the outline of the Soviet Union on the map represents to us a vast area of hidden menace, from which columns may thrust at any point, that same outline represents to Moscow a thin red line, impossible to defend, which may be pierced at any point.

THE real strength of the Soviet army as an attacking force is not in its foot soldiers, but in its tanks and artillery, including special rocket devices of the *Katusha* kind. There are a great many tanks like those used during the last war, the medium T34's, some of them equipped with new and bigger guns. In addition, there are heavy Joseph Stalin III's, which strike terror into the hearts of Western commentators. But these are of little use in a

break-through. They can carry only a few rounds for their 122 mm. guns; and what a Soviet tank does not carry itself it is unlikely to get when most wanted. These Joseph Stalin III's are first class in defense or in a slow, grinding advance; but we are not invited to consider the Soviet army in defense. What we are asked to consider is a headlong rush through Europe.

A fast-moving attack is carried out in only one way. That is with fast-moving troops, perfectly coordinated. If such an attack is what we expect, we must rule out of the critical action at least two-thirds of the Soviet army as it now is. The great mass of the Soviet infantry cannot take part in a *Blitzkrieg*. Even those infantry divisions which are said to be mechanized do not as a rule allocate motor transport permanently and on a fixed scale to regiments and battalions, as in Western armies, but keep the transport in a divisional pool, with its own company of drivers. This is due to the shortage of motor vehicles and also because the average Soviet infantry battalion has few men who can service motor vehicles. For the rest, the infantry relies mainly on horse-drawn transport. Columns straggle over the countryside with little wooden carts like large pig troughs on spidery wheels. They are, apart from the armament of the soldiers, identical with their ancestors of the Napoleonic wars.

In a long, slogging advance, the best of the infantry is obviously magnificent material. They bridge great rivers with trees cut down on the spot; they make bricks without straw. They will live on the country, and can go without food for days. They are not cluttered up with red tape. For officers below the rank of major no records are kept. That does away with a great deal of paper work. Supplies do not come up in response to elaborate indents from individual units. Base simply sends what it has in the general direction of the front, the convoys are intercepted, and trucks are directed to units which seem to need stores most urgently.

When a Russian soldier goes away to war, he simply goes. That is the end of him as far as his family is concerned, unless once in a while he gets a letter through, or until he turns up on leave, or until one of his comrades turns up to say that he is missing or dead. All this adds up to a great advantage in a long slogging campaign. But we are asked to envisage a sharp, overwhelming advance. The average Russian infantryman is a peasant, the last thing required in fast-moving warfare.

This means, in effect, that the Soviet army, in attack, may be used as a slow-moving horde, designed to intimidate and then crush the opposition by sheer weight of numbers, or its armored spearheads may be used, largely unsupported, for

swift enveloping movements. In the first case the horde may be cut to pieces by a numerically far inferior mechanized force, coolly handled and fighting with boldness and resolution. In the second, the Soviet army loses in the critical phases of the battle its tremendous advantage of sheer size. In both cases the actual difference between the Russians and the forces arrayed against them is misleading. During the last war the Soviet generals were reluctant to mount an attack until they were assured of a local superiority of six to one.

THE armored spearhead contains the superb elite of the new Soviet army. It is equipped with tanks as good as any in the world and a great deal better than anything the Western Allies had until almost the end of the war. Yet, even it is not everything it seems. It lacks, notably, adequate communications. It has not begun to catch up on the development of short-wave communications in the field; and this deficiency conditions its whole approach to war. This means that tanks and self-propelled guns are at a distinct disadvantage in a swiftly moving battle. Lack of tank-to-tank wireless means that squadron commanders cannot rapidly adapt their plans to changing situations, and tend to fall back on the old cavalry system of follow-the-leader.

This problem of communications

### ***Reds Anti-Russian***

I HAVE never considered the Soviet Union as Russia, and have always thought of the Russian people as being conquered by a group of men who believed in an anti-Russian and an un-Christian way of life. Later in America, when I studied the political philosophy and the history of communism, I came more and more to the conclusion that communists should never be identified with Russians, and that the Soviet Union is not Russia. In fact, the men in the Kremlin are the greatest enemy of the Russian people, just as they are the enemy of the rest of mankind.

Nikita D. Roodkowsky in the  
*Catholic World* (Feb. '51).

is proving extremely tiresome for the Soviet high command. It is not merely a question of providing suitable equipment, although this is difficult in itself. It is also a question of finding enough men to work and maintain the equipment even when it is available. Here is a nation which only 30 years ago was four-fifths peasant, mainly illiterate, and which has had its most enterprising and gifted spirits rigidly suppressed, if not killed off. It is not easy to educate such a nation to fight a modern war with modern, delicate equipment. The men who have been brought on are

very good. They fight with the tanks, guns, tactical aircraft, and secret weapons. But there are not enough of them. Nor are there enough to provide ground and air crews for a really powerful long-distance bombing force. The gulf between them and the ordinary conscript is still very great. The endurance and frugality of these should be seen as the obverse of their lack of quick intelligence and skill.

All this is not to suggest that the Soviet standing army is anything but a formidable force. It is the most powerful asset of the Kremlin. We should need all our might and resolution to match it, and the last thing I intend is to minimize the size of our task. But if we went about it the right way it would be very far from being an impossible task, as many would have us believe. It would not be, even if the millions of conscripts who would be called up in time of war and the masses behind them could be relied on by Stalin as being heart and soul behind the standing army, which they are not.

"FASTER, FASTER!" describes the tempo of the Soviet Union today. When Stalin decided to launch the cold war, he was opening a war on two fronts, the international front and the home front. He had to force the people of Russia to still greater sacrifices. He hoped for the economic collapse of Western Eu-



rope, when he would be able to relax. He was simultaneously pursuing two opposed ends. Following Muscovite tradition, he was turning Russia inwards on herself, withdrawing from all contact with the West. At the same time, he was seeking to impose his will on the West.

It was an impossible task. The Soviet Union's self-severance from the rest of the world is more radical than a simple sealing of frontiers. Stalin is seeking to isolate the consciousness of the Soviet peoples from the living consciousness of humanity as a whole.

The prospects of the war against his own people depended on the success of the war against the others. But instead of a Western Europe in collapse, Stalin is faced with the first stirrings of the mightiest force in the history of the world. This means that there can be no question of any relaxation at home.

The workers in industry have to be coerced. He works it out by the trade unions. They are simply government departments set up to get the most out of the workers for the least reward. Factory workers are easy to control: the slack, rebellious, or inefficient are immediately picked out and jumped upon. The agreements made with the trade unions are backed by sanctions. These include a direction of labor which is fairly effective. The man who changes his job forfeits a por-

tion of his social-service benefits, including his pension.

Lateness and absenteeism are punished by forced labor in its mildest form. The definition of absenteeism is laid down in a decree of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR of June, 1940: "A Soviet workman is guilty of absenteeism if he loses more than 20 minutes' working time by arriving late, leaving early, or extending his dinner break, or if he commits any of these offenses three times in one month or four times in two consecutive months, even if the loss of time in each case is less than 20 minutes." The punishment for this offense may run to "corrective labor without deprivation of freedom" for up to six months. This sentence means that the worker continues at his normal place of employment, but may be ordered to do any work imposed on him and is deprived of up to 25% of his pay. If his offense is repeated, or if he commits more serious offenses against industrial discipline, he will be sentenced to one of the heavier categories of forced labor, which range from corrective labor of a mild kind performed in exile (various categories of exile are laid down) through "corrective labor in a place of detention," including "corrective labor colonies," to "punitive labor colonies."

The peasants are also subject to this discipline. But, because of the nature of their work and the im-

possibility of regimenting farm production strictly, not all the terror of the MVD can make two blades of grass grow where one grew before.

The collectives were supposed to solve this difficulty. The farm-machine stations were supposed to insure delivery of the required quantities of grain to the state. But the collective managers and the technicians at the machine stations came to identify themselves with the villagers against the state. The system of allowing each household an acre and a cow as its own private property was intended to keep the peasants in good heart. But it soon began to threaten the whole fabric of the collective system.

Even before the war, work on collective acres was neglected in favor of private plots. The average peasant was making twice as much from his own small holding as from his compulsory work on the collective. During the war the system got completely out of hand. Almost the only food in the towns, apart from a starvation ration, was what the peasants brought in from their private plots and sold on the free market at exorbitant prices. Thousands of collectives were largely broken up by the peasants, with the active connivance of the managers, to increase their own small holdings.

The government launched a full-scale campaign to stop these "abuses," but was powerless to increase

the flow of grain into state granaries. So there followed a series of measures. 1. Devaluation of the ruble, which was largely aimed at reducing by 90% the hoards of cash accumulated by the peasants. 2. An agricultural tax, which applied only to earnings from the private holdings, and was, in effect, a punitive tax. 3. Schemes to improve and multiply livestock. The livestock project involved putting down arable land into temporary pasture. The purpose was to provide more meat and milk for the towns. The scheme was bitterly resisted by the peasants, who prefer bread this year to beef in five years. 4. The scheme launched by Khrushchev in 1950 to amalgamate collectives and build "agricultural towns."



This last measure is a new revolution. It means the total breaking down of the old village economy, the end of the private-holding system, and the transformation of the villagers, who have clung so stubbornly to their old customs through all the changes of the last 30 years, into paid employees, or state serfs. They will work in gangs under reliable overseers, and will live in new settlements, where nobody knows his neighbor, under the direct eye of the party and the police.

Nobody knows whether the gamble will succeed. Nobody can tell whether the equally great gamble involved in the great capital development schemes, above all the hydroelectric schemes, will succeed. If they do, then in five to ten years the Kremlin will have solved the question of feeding its vast population once and for all. Also it will divert some of the resources and labor now swallowed up in heavy industry and capital expansion to making consumer goods. But it will be close-run; and if farm and factory output do not rise, the regime will collapse. This will not be the result of a revolution from below, but a result of chaos following on a breakdown of the Soviet economy, and the inevitable quarrels in the highest places about what is to be done.

**S**TALIN has lost the hold he had on the Russian people for a year or so

after the war. He is in much the same position as in 1941, when he feared war above all things. He has lost his hold because his aggressive foreign policy has turned half the world against him. He has been forced to drive his all-too-long-suffering people too far and too hard. It is a self-accelerating process. Without a great slackening in the international tension he cannot afford to stop. And yet the harder he drives his people the more unreliable will be their mood if it comes to war.

The peasant and worker problems beset Stalin before Hitler's attack and after. Today he is faced with an entirely new problem: deterioration of the Communist party. The party was once a devoted band of fanatics, the vanguard of the proletarian revolution. It grew steadily, in spite of periodic purges, with a developing bias in favor of the growing managerial class. As this development unfolded, the real power retreated increasingly into the innermost circles of the party, the Central committee and its standing subcommittees.

But the party itself was still devoted to the cause of a communist Soviet Union until, after the great purge of the middle 30's, which more than decimated its ranks, it largely changed its character. The militant communists with ideas of their own were removed, as they have since been removed in the communist parties of Eastern Eu-

rope. They were replaced by time servers or by young men and women above all interested in serving Stalin as their personal leader.

The ever-changing party line; excesses of the campaign to convince the dull masses that Soviet man was a new sort of man, turning everything he touched into gold; stupidities of the Kremlin's propagandists; the abject contortions of the Soviet intelligentsia in their efforts to follow the changing line; the endless shortages of everything that makes life worth living; the patent lies of the statisticians; the continued severity of police rule—all these have worked together for the disillusionment of the party.

Those who were naturally decent became cynical, profoundly conscious of the gulf between the common people, treated like dirt, and themselves; those who were naturally venal became utterly corrupted. This alienation between party and government became so great that during the local party congresses of 1949 more than half the regional party secretaries were deprived of their posts.

Stalin, in transforming the party from a sharp-cutting instrument of like-minded fanatics into a battering ram to carry out his will, killed the revolutionary spirit. In creating his new industrialized state he created a new and powerful middle class, a strange apparition in Russia. This is an educated body of

men whose energies are now devoted to hanging on to their new privileges at all costs, in constant fear of falling back into the bottomless squalor of the working class. A lesser part is devoted to making the country work, for sheer pride in seeing it work. A small but increasing part is developing that critical sense which is the mark of new middle classes everywhere. The Communist party, except at its highest levels, has become identified with this class.

The gulf between the Communist party of today and its own Central committee is indicated by the fact that the last party congress, the 18th, took place in 1931, 12 years ago, whereas congresses used to be held every two or three years. It may not be exaggeration to say that the gulf between party and Kremlin is greater now than the gulf between party and people. And it is increasing. The Central committee complains that the children are no longer joining the Young Communist league, the *Komsomol*, in sufficient numbers. Also, too many of those who do join regard it only as a kind of social privilege.

For 30 years, first Lenin and then Stalin have governed the Soviet Union through the party, backed by all the power of the police. If the party becomes an unreliable instrument, that leaves only the police.

It is hard to tell how much the

Russian people can stand without breaking down. When we think of the appalling conditions of the labor camps, for example, we should remember the appalling conditions of the average Russian village. It is calculated that each village burns down every five to seven years; and the burning is the spring cleaning. The stench, dirt, and heat in innumerable Russian homes, hermetically sealed against the killing winter cold, is such that we could not endure it for 10 minutes without turning sick. Sometimes, in winter, it becomes too much even for the Russian peasant. He then opens doors and windows and moves into a neighbor's house for two or three days until the cold has killed the vermin. If he can find no one to take him in, he simply takes his wife out into the forest for two or three days and nights. This is the background, either immediate or a generation back, of the Russian prisoners in the labor camps, which kill Poles, Balts, and Germans more easily than Russians.

The degradation is very real, and it is also the Kremlin's most valuable protection. Many times during the war I have seen men and women fall down in the snow, exhausted by starvation, and left lying. They were left lying by people who in their hearts are the kindest people in the world, because nobody had energy to spare to see if they were dead, and because even if they were not dead there was no-



where to take them and no food to give them. That sort of thing is to be expected in times of absolute disaster.

But I also remember an event which happened two years after the war, when Russia was recovering. Then, on a main road quite close to Moscow, an army lorry skidded in the snow. It ran into a group of women and children and crashed into a telegraph pole. The driver was dead in the cab. The windshield was shattered and splashed with blood. Two children lay spread-eagled in the snow, quite dead; an old woman lay dying by the roadside. The remaining women, black scarved against the dead-white background, had no thought for the children; they threw themselves at the lorry, which was full of army rations, and took great piles of food away. They were joined by a mob of women from neighboring cottages, who likewise took no notice of the dead and dying. Afterwards they would weep; but now they had food.

Food, of course, is a little easier

now; but the corruption remains. That kind of degradation, and the degradation of the most generous and spontaneously kindhearted people in the world, is a protection against revolt. But it does not make good citizens either in peace or in war.

It is the fear of war, depending upon the ignorance of the Russians, which is Stalin's greatest asset. The fraudulent peace campaign cuts both ways. It divides the outside world, as it is designed to do, but equally it strengthens Stalin's position at home. If he can represent to millions who know no better that he, backed by the oppressed and inarticulate millions of the West, can alone save them from another war, it is very much in his interest to paint the governments of the West as hell-bent on war. We have seen what happened when, in 1947, the Russians were encouraged to think there was an imminent danger of war: they simply gave up.

The new plan is much better, because the new plan is designed to make the Russian people feel that, although war is desired by Messrs. Truman, Attlee, and their friends, the masses are powerful enough to prevent it—the oppressed masses of the world, rallying round the Soviet Union, which must be kept together as a bastion of peace by the

sacrificial toil of the people of the Soviet Union. This is one aspect of Stalin's sixth asset, his unscrupulousness.

But the unscrupulous man is never free from the danger of being caught in his own snares. This has happened with Stalin in the past, and it will happen again. Unscrupulousness is not, in any case, a quality for envy.

SOME ask why, if things are as bad as I have said, there are not more refugees, more desertions from the Soviet army and missions serving abroad. I have tried to show that hatred of the regime is not a new thing to the Russians, and does not lead to immediate, reasoned action. Love of country, too, runs very deep, and this we are able to understand.

Many, of course, in the days of the czars, did leave. Many more would leave today. But those who try to cross the frontier are shot, and those soldiers who are tempted to desert while serving in Germany and Austria have perpetually before their eyes the decree of the Supreme Soviet, which tells them in the simplest language that the whole family of any soldier who deserts while serving abroad will be sentenced to five years' corrective labor "in the remote regions of Siberia."

❖  
A GREAT many open minds should be closed for repairs.

Toledo Blade (19 Sept. '51).





*A picture story with excerpts from and inspired by Mary Perkins' book*

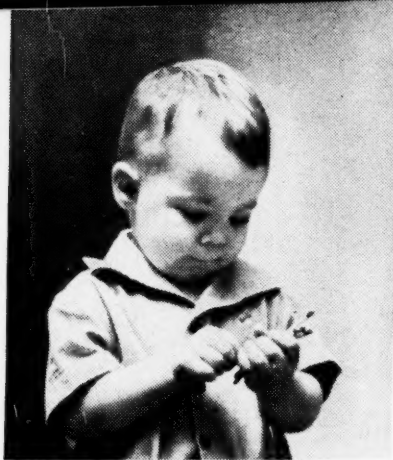
## MIND THE BABY!

Photographs by MARJORY COLLINS

**G**REAT are the wonders of God's making of one small Christian. Day by day, in the course of her routine, a mother, by her observation, her reason, and her

faith, more and more appreciates this great wonder. Mary Perkins' book,\* and these pictures tell of a mother's efforts for one of His least, but most fascinating brethren.

*\*Mind the Baby. 1949. Speed & Ward, 840 Broadway, New York City. 122 pp. \$2.*

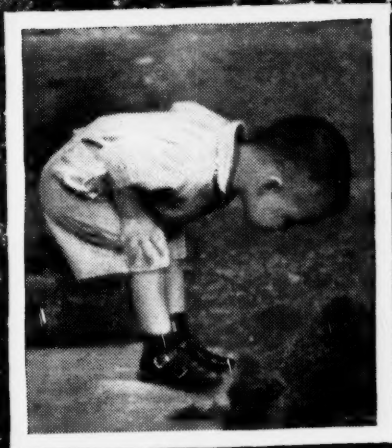


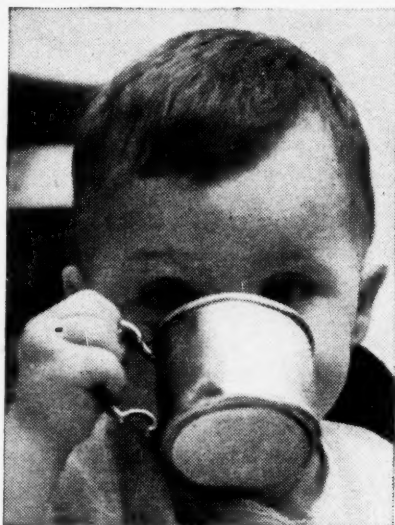
oor Thomas Edmund is almost as damp with tears as the world outside with rain. Look, old man, life is difficult, but not quite so bad as all that.

What is he up to now? Everything is suspiciously quiet in the living room. Wouldn't you know it? He has a box of matches, the most fascinating kind of forbidden fruit in the whole house.

At the sight of the open toy box, kept closed except on rainy days, Thomas Edmund's eyes brighten. "Aii!" he cries, and dives in.

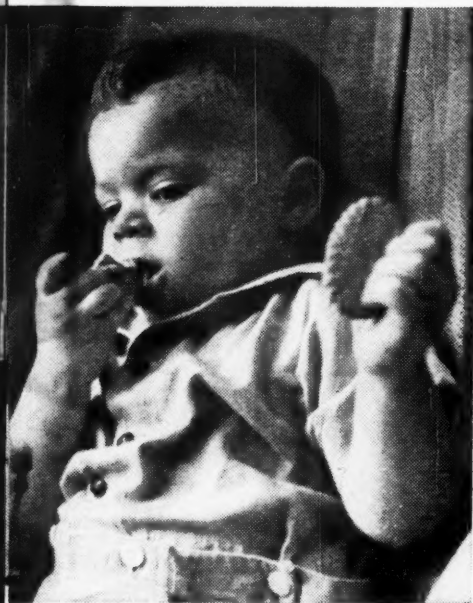
There he stands, such a small boy, surrounded by such a lot of bumpy grass and overshadowed by such a very big tree. There are only 25 inches of him, from the top of his yellow head to the soles of his business-like brown shoes; but obviously he is the focal point of all this scenery.





**T**HOMAS EDMUND is impatiently watching the preparations for his dinner. He bangs his spoon on the tray and throws it to the floor, reaches desperately for the honey jar on the table, and finally stands up in his chair and pretends that he is going to walk right over the edge if his food doesn't come.

Come on, young man, that cereal has to go inside you, and you know it, before you get your bread and butter. It certainly does not have the "sweetness of every taste" as did the manna that God sent from heaven, but it does have the goodness of every kind of food. If you look at the list of ingredients on its box, you have a vision of the whole U.S. contributing to make those stupid-looking little flakes: you see a whole continent helping to feed one Thomas Edmund.





"DADDY'S HOME!" Daddy is home, and everything is all right. After all, I myself have only to be daddy's helpmeet in rearing these fascinating, exasperating children.

And both of us are only Christ's co-workers, humble assistants of His Holy Spirit. Daddy is home.

We are all together now, our little Church. And, by the grace of God, we will all be together in heaven some day.

And our home, even though both parents and children are so imperfect and liable to sin, must also be a more wonderful thing in God's eyes than an unfallen and unredeemed home would have been.

For our marriage is a reflection and concrete embodiment of the union between Christ and His Church; our home is a miniature unit of the mystical Body.







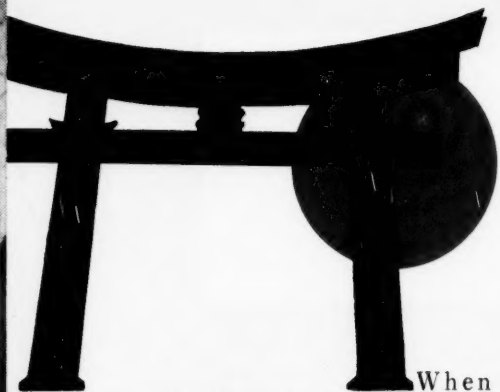
Now for Thomas Edmund: another sight to make even an anxious mother smile. He is lying on his back with his hands under his head and one pink-pajamaed leg absurdly crossed over the other, like a clubman reclining in an easy chair. His mattress is bare; his sheet is wadded into a ball, and his blankets are on the floor. All around him are railroad tracks and torn-up paper. As I tidy it all up and pull the sheet under him, he turns over, gives a contented little sigh, and burrows down again into deep sleep. Good-night, God bless you.





*Another Day!*





## THE RISING SUN OF JUSTICE

When I was with the occupation force in Japan, the CATHOLIC DIGEST in Japanese was among the first American publications in Kanji. We had a Japanese bellboy in our hotel there who was the son of a Shinto priest. Knowing how avid the Japanese are for reading material and also wishing to place this publication in the hands of the Japanese because of its excellent articles, especially those dealing with communism, I took out several subscriptions, including one for the Shinto priest.

I later asked the boy what his father thought of the magazine. He told me that as a part of his religious services this Shinto priest would read an article to the congregation, with the foreword, "I will now read an article from the CATHOLIC DIGEST, which I have through the courtesy of Major Moran, U. S. Army." He also told me that this copy of the DIGEST was left in the shrine so that the Japanese people might come in and read it. At times there might be five or six persons sitting patiently waiting for another to finish, that they might have access to the copy.

As the present subscription has run out I now wish to send money to Japan to have several copies sent to the shrine. This will do great good for the Japanese people.

CATHERINE M. MORAN, Major, USAF

*Let others follow Major Moran's example. Your \$3 will send a year's subscription to the Japanese-language CATHOLIC DIGEST to another Shinto shrine. Mail it to the CATHOLIC DIGEST, 41 East 8th St., St. Paul 2, Minnesota.*